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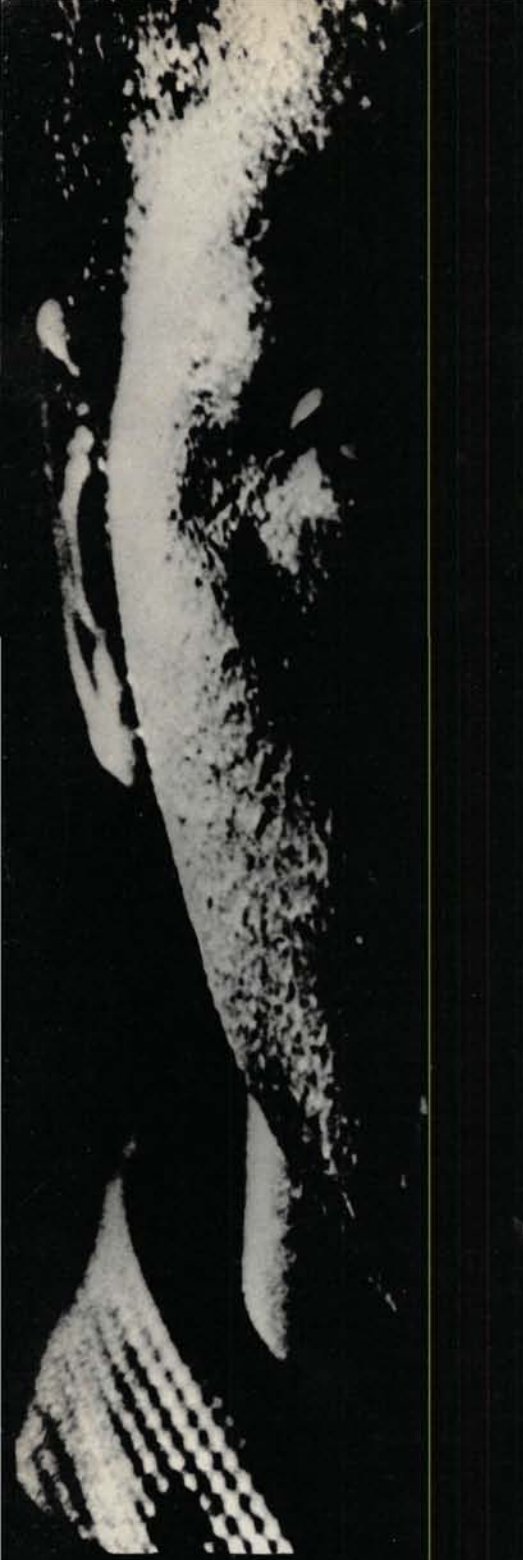

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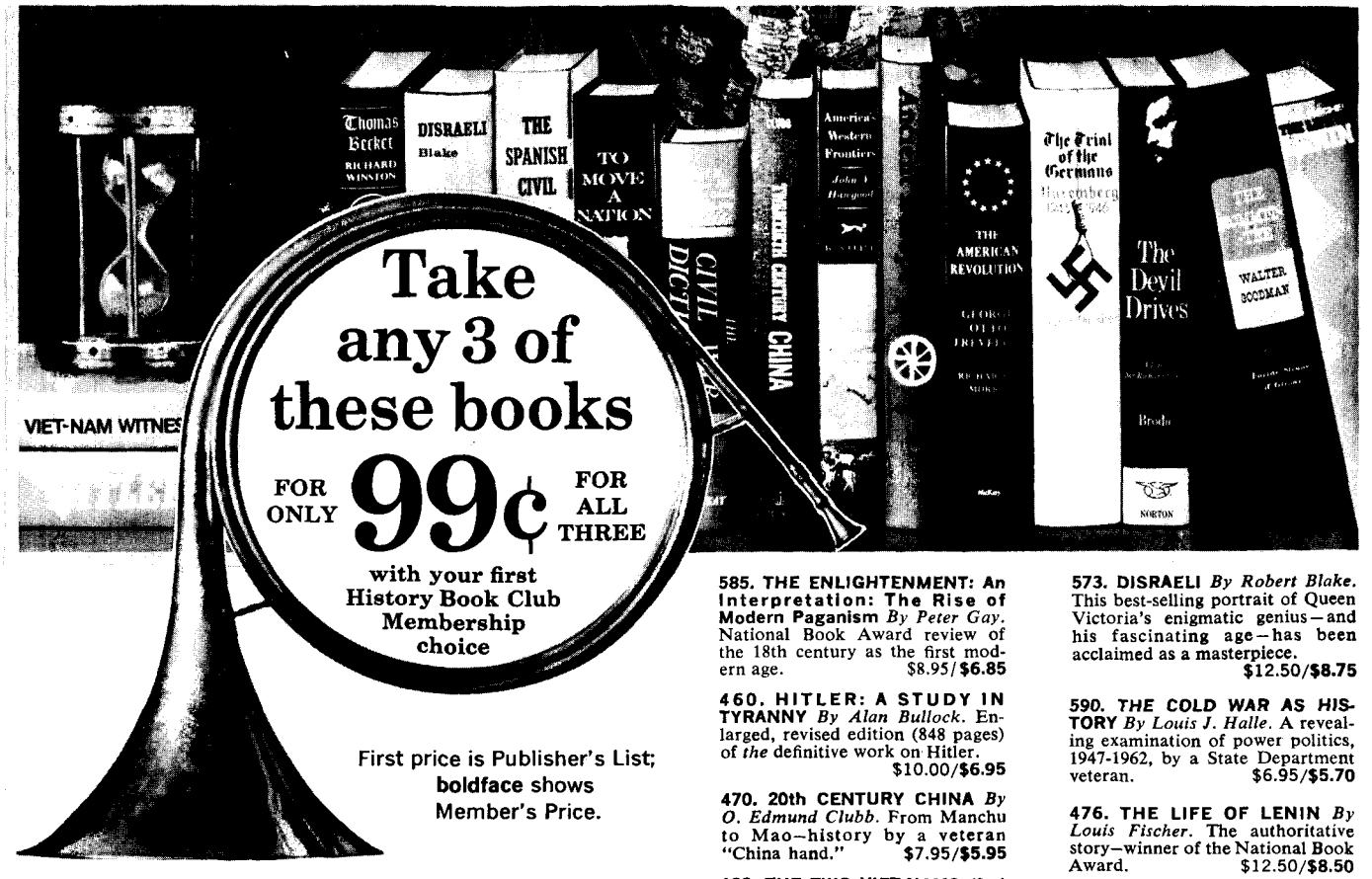

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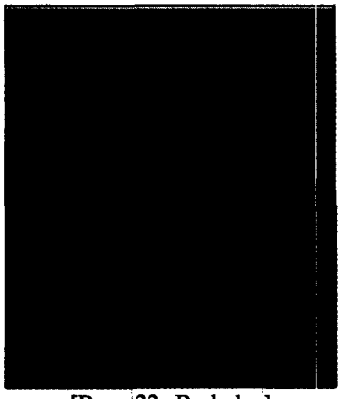

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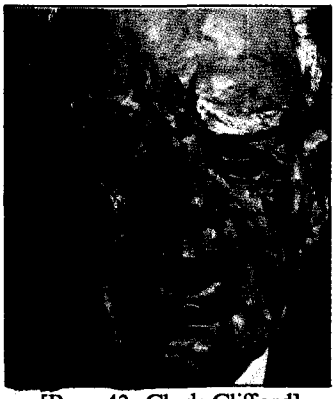
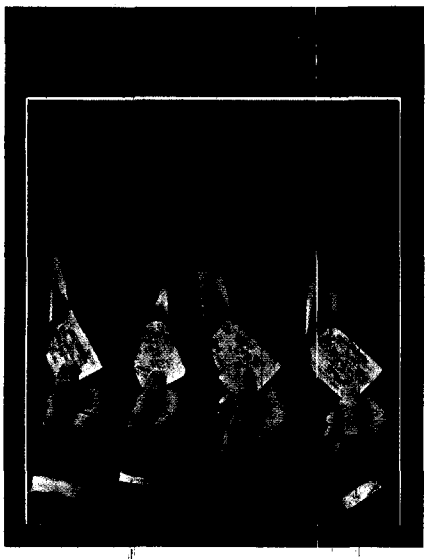


[Page 43 Clark Clifford]

Apologia:

THE FOLLOWING ARTICLE *is reprinted in its entirety from the New York Times of Thursday, July 18, 1968. No additional comment seems necessary or appropriate at this time.*—W.H.

FOUR RAMPARTS EDITORS FACING DRAFT CARD BURNING PROSECUTION



By SIDNEY E. ZION

The Government is considering the prosecution of four top editors of Ramparts magazine for alleged violations of the Selective Service laws.

The editors were taken before a special Federal grand jury in New York last month to testify about the magazine's cover of December 1967, which depicted flaming draft cards bearing the names of four men. They were informed by the Government attorney that they were the "targets" of the investigation.

The four editors, who flew in from San Francisco on June 17 in response to the subpoenas, are Warren Hinckle III, president and editorial director; Robert Scheer, editor in chief; Dugald Stermer, art director, and Sol Stern, senior editor.

Mr. Hinckle made a second appearance before the grand jury on June 29, when he turned over certain records of the magazine. The magazine, as a corporate entity, is also a possible defendant.

United States Attorney Robert M. Morgenthau would not comment on the investigation.

The editors of the glossy New Left bimonthly refused to discuss the details of the grand jury proceedings.

But Mr. Hinckle denounced the investigation as "harrassment, pure and simple," and said it posed an ominous threat to freedom of the press.

"An indictment of the Ramparts editors," the 29-year-old president said in an interview yesterday, "must be interpreted as a direct and unmistakable attempt to close down the leading organ of dissent in the American press."

The disclosure of the investigation recalled the 1917 prosecution of The Masses, a Socialist journal that opposed the draft during World War I. The charges against the magazine and seven of its editors, including Max Eastman and John Reed, were dismissed after two trials in which the juries were deadlocked.

One of the earliest cases involved Mathew Lyon who was arrested under the Alien and Sedition Act for an editorial comment about President John Adams. The President was dedicating a cannon and Mr. Lyon said that he hoped it would backfire and "blow his backside off."

Mr. Hinckle said that if the Government proceeded to indict the editors, "we can only conclude that they seek retribution.

"It doesn't take much imagination to understand why they'd want to put us out of business," he said. "We've exposed the C.I.A.'s undercover relationship with the National Student Association, we've consistently attacked the Vietnam War, we ran a piece charging that Johnson took payoffs from a gambler during his Senate tenure and we published portions of a book attacking Hubert Humphrey."

Mr. Hinckle said that the magazine's recent coup in obtaining Ernesto (Che) Guevara's Bolivian diary had "probably upset the hell out of the Government.

"They wanted the Bolivian general's version to come out first and we beat them to it with the real thing, straight from Cuba," he said. "And with an introduction by Castro, which must have really blown their minds."

If the Government decides to prosecute the Ramparts editors it could fashion the indictment in a variety of ways. A narrow indictment would charge each editor with aiding and abetting draft-card burning. A slightly broader indictment would charge a conspiracy to burn the cards.

On the other hand, the editors might be indicted for counseling and urging card burning and draft evasion. These would be similar to the charges successfully brought against Dr. Benjamin Spock and four others recently.

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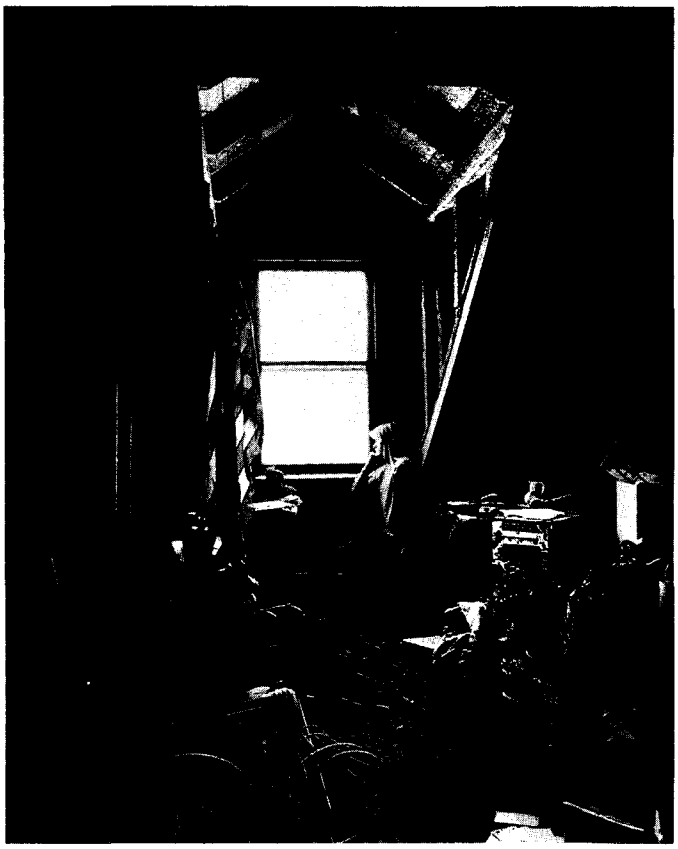

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Open Arms, Closed Minds

by Donald Duncan

As soon as the battalion was settled, the local version of the ladies' auxiliary came on the scene. The soldier fell in love (a mutual affair) and wanted to get married. Unfortunately his commanding officer didn't share his enthusiasm for the match, and her father, while he thought it patriotic to help the soldiers who had come to help him, didn't want his daughter to marry one—all of which renewed the soldier's initial dislike for the Army. After many discussions and no little prompting from his newfound love, they slipped away one night to another country, one that wouldn't send him back to be punished as a deserter. After being released by border officials, they were welcomed with open arms by an agency set up specifically to handle such occurrences.

The story is not original; in fact it has become a familiar one over the past year or so and the numbers of such soldiers in countries like Sweden have grown steadily. In this case, however, the soldier's name is not John Jones, the girl is not called Fraulein Schmidt, and their new homeland is not Sweden. His name is Bvi Ngoc Thieng; he is a former member of the 300th NVA (North Vietnamese Army), and because of his special training at the Son Tay Army Center of the Democratic Republic of Vietnam, he was a lieutenant. Her name is Nguyen Thi Mai (the Vietnamese equivalent of Mary Smith) and the auxiliary to which she belonged was part of the National Liberation Front. The country to which they eloped was the Saigon-controlled area of Vietnam; the open arms with which they were greeted, the Chieu Hoi (Open Arms) program; their home, the Chieu Hoi Center at Binh Dinh near Qui Nhon.

I met Thieng and Mai at the camp while tagging behind two GI reporters who were assigned to do a "positive" story for "in-country" military newspapers on Hoi Chanhs, the name given to those who have "rallied to the government's cause." It's rare when an officer, especially an NVA officer, turns himself in, and the government officials were getting maximum political mileage out of their lieutenant. Thieng and his fiancee were trotted out to be photographed and interviewed performing various activities, including making an indoctrination tape for other Hoi Chanhs. Their gentle, candid faces could not entirely conceal the irritation they felt at being treated like prize exhibits at a stock show.

We were driven to the camp by Roger, a United States Agency for International Development (USAID) official, and our first impression was one of great inactivity under a sizzling sun. After being introduced to the Vietnamese officials, four Hoi Chanhs—two women and two men—were called from their "hootches" so we could take pictures of them feeding the pigs. Caption: "Meat production and animal husbandry program at Chieu Hoi Center makes useful citizens out of former foes." Then the girls moved to a pigeon coop and simulated handling the birds and cleaning the roosts. Then it was off to the meeting hall—there just happened to be a political indoctrination class starting. Of course we had to have pictures of the marrieds-to-be smiling happily at each other under the archway entrance to the camp. And as it happened, there had been a distribution of clothing that day (two-piece brown pajamas) to a dozen of the inmates, making additional photos possible.

When it was time to leave, the Army writer, with a remarkably straight face, thanked the Vietnamese commander for his hospitality and expressed his good fortune at having come to the camp on a day when so many things were happening. The official, with an equally straight face, completed the charade by saying that it was a normal day and expressed thanks for the interest.

Roger, our guide for the day, is a native of the Philippines and a veteran of the U.S. Navy who has worked in Vietnam since 1955. A hard man to discourage, he is typical of many well-meaning, conscientious, hard working civilians in Vietnam. It can be said that Chieu Hoi is also typical—typical of one more priority program that has become a shambles. That the Chieu Hoi program, like many other programs designed to win "the other war," still exists even in shambles, is testimony to the dedication of people like Roger.

The purpose of the Chieu Hoi program is to convince members of the NLF and their families, or people living in NLF-controlled areas (thereby supporting the NLF), to rally to the government areas. By means of Armed Propaganda (former VC) teams' loudspeaker appeals, radio and massive leaflet drops, the people are told that if they rally (the word surrender is avoided), they will not be treated as prisoners. Rather, they will be given vocational training and allowed to take jobs alongside their fellow citizens. The fact that Hoi Chanhs become eligible for the draft upon graduation and are expected to fight against their former comrades-in-arms is information not included in the broadcast appeals.

That the multimillion dollar program ($10 million in 1967, $9 million in 1968) is in trouble is not just my personal opinion. The U.S. Mission, which is a master at putting anything in the best light, admits that the input of "returnees" is down 73 per cent this year from last. Statistically, in February 1967, the program was an administration bright spot and one of the indicators used by General William Westmoreland to prove that "we can see the light at the end of the tunnel." The Binh Dinh center, the largest, showed at that time a monthly "input" in excess of 700 men, but a chart on the wall now shows a steady decrease through May and June of 1968 to 35 per month, give or take half a dozen. The camp, capable of handling 1000 Hoi Chanhs, housed 57 in June of 1968. The early official explanation that a decrease is normal in certain months is no longer valid since more than a year has passed.

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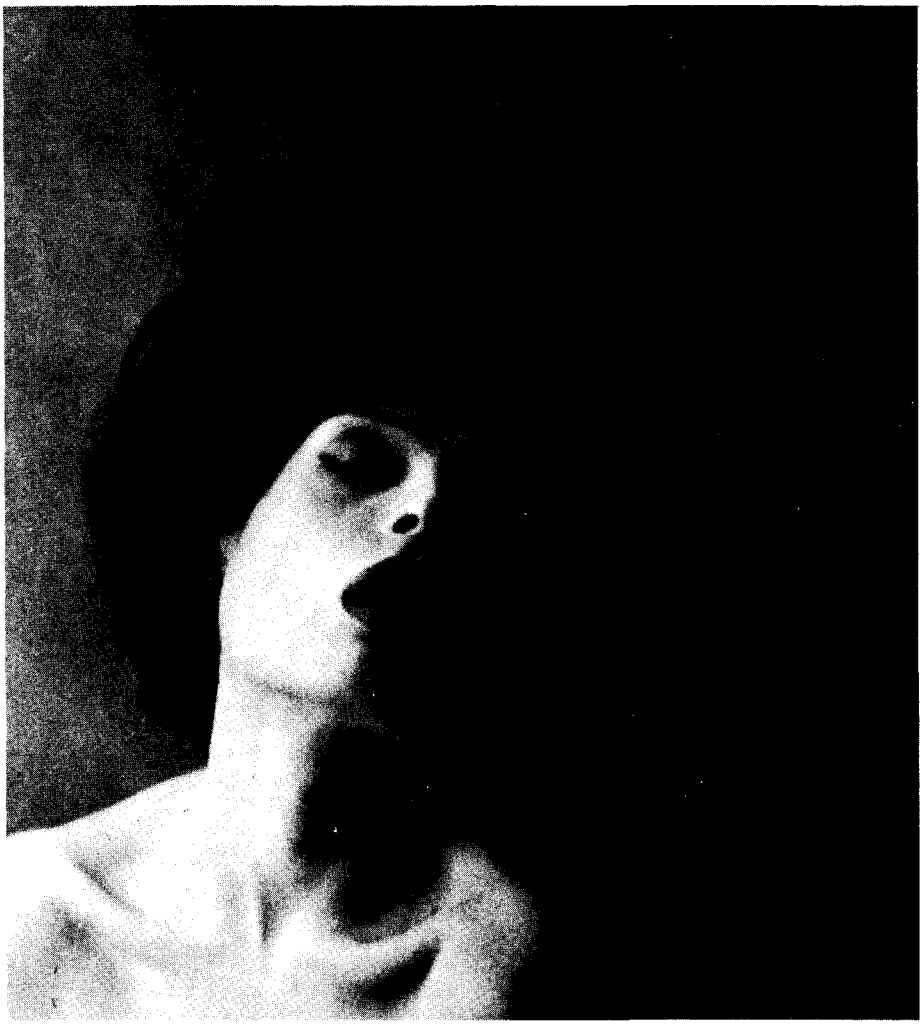

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On the ride to and from the center and during the two-hour siesta which left us free of Vietnamese officials, Roger made a point of telling us what happened to the program. It was an all too familiar story, and that its source should be a U.S. official was not strange—when you get away from the air-conditioned "chiefs" in Saigon, you find that the men in the field want the truth known; they feel that is the only way to effect the policy changes necessary to salvage the programs. In this case we were not only told, we were shown lengthy memos and letters which had been sent to Saigon documenting cause and effect. The GI writer apologized for the fact that even if he reported the whole truth, it would never be accepted.

We were told that the *statistical* decline could be partially explained by the facts that a closer check was being made of the counting—money is allocated to Vietnamese commanders on a head count basis—and that there was now a more realistic evaluation of who is a Hoi Chanh. In the Delta, for instance, I was shown a Chieu Hoi village which was in reality a refugee village: its inhabitants had come, voluntarily or otherwise, from a war zone.

But the *actual* decline of the program is attributed to corruption. In South Vietnam, projects within a given program receive priority directly related to the size of the "cut" available to RVN (Republic of Vietnam) administrators on every level. If a "cut-proof" project is developed by an advisor, funds and materials somehow never get released, or at best are made available many months too late. Building projects usually get a good priority, since the prospects for "cuts," "kickbacks," "siphoning" and ordinary theft are unlimited. Vocational training projects are especially difficult to get through, and to date at Binh Dinh such training has been on an ad hoc basis and would be nonexistent were it not for the advisors' talents at scrounging.

Roger scrounged pigs for Binh Dinh from the Air Force and materials for pens from other agencies; Hoi Chanhs supplied the labor. There is a shortage of meat in the area, and what is available is expensive. Roger plans to use his pigs as breeding stock and then distribute one pig to each of the families who are Hoi Chanh alumni. They would breed the pigs on a co-op basis with their neighbors and eventually have both a source of meat and a marketable commodity. However, the Vietnamese officials won't release any funds for the project, not even for feed. Each morning Roger must make the rounds of GI mess halls to scrounge edible garbage and haul it out to the camp.

Roger would like to see the available money and resources and such things as contract bidding be handled by U.S. personnel, and to hell with the feelings of Vietnamese officials. He told us: "Vietnamese officials at the highest level are third-rate people, and as you come down from the highest, the type of person you deal with comes down accordingly. There are exceptions, of course, but the people we have to deal with are the worst elements in the society. I hate to say it, but politics aside, Vietnamese leadership and integrity all seem to be on the other side."

There is always the temptation to rationalize the corruption as the only way to get at least *something* accomplished. But: "Many of our appeals are made on moral grounds: 'Rally to the legal government.' 'Become a useful, law-abiding citizen,' 'Help build your country, not destroy it,' and so on. Then when he gets into a camp, he sees the government officials robbing and cheating their government. The Hoi Chanh is used to eating inferior rice, but he knows the official is being paid to supply grade-A rice. It comes as a great surprise to many Hoi Chanhs to find they are each entitled to 200 *piastres* [about $1.75] a month, since they have never seen any of it. After graduation, these people are entitled to a rehabilitation grant and/or materials to set up house in a village. Few ever receive it or they only get part of it. Sometimes it's given them with the understanding part will be given back. The shame, of course, is that most of the Hoi Chanhs, when we first get them, are honest people. The GVN [Government of Vietnam] officials aren't satisfied until they've brought the Hoi Chanhs down to their own level."

Roger took the theme further: "Just in case the 'returnees' can't see these things for themselves, the Viet Cong send cadre in as Hoi Chanhs to point them out. The Viet Cong use the program for their own propaganda—one more proof that the Saigon regime must be destroyed. It's the best kind of propaganda—the truth."

When Roger first came to Binh Dinh he was determined to eliminate corruption or at least reduce it to a "decent" level. He made a survey of market prices, talked to contractors, kept track of the labor force and reported that a building project was costing 60 per cent more than it should. In another survey he discovered that the 200 *piastre* allowance had never been paid, although millions of *piastres* had been made available for this purpose. The RVN official produced forged receipts and Roger called the comptroller in for an audit.

In the course of his crusade, Roger has had his life threatened three times by RVN officials. In one instance, he uncovered a plot whereby they were going to force a Viet Cong to murder him and then kill the Viet Cong. The officials change from time to time but their practices endure. Roger doesn't see any end to these practices in the regime, but he perseveres: "There is always the hope that new leadership will develop." He's not too optimistic, however: "How can a corrupt society ruled by a corrupt regime produce honest, responsible leadership? By definition, an honest man would be outside the regime, therefore an enemy of it."

For me, at least, Roger summed it all up with an anecdote: one day he discovered that the camp was carrying on their records as a Hoi Chanh, a man who was actually a prisoner of war at a nearby POW camp. He tried in vain to have the record set straight. Failing in that, he was determined that the man, since he was listed as a Hoi Chanh, should at least get the money due him as such. When he offered the money, the prisoner refused: "I am not a deserter or what you call a Hoi Chanh. I was taken prisoner when I was wounded and unconscious."

Roger patiently explained that he was legally entitled to the money and pressed it on him. The prisoner threw the money on the ground and spat out, "I am not a Hoi Chanh and I will not take your poison money. I am a Liberation soldier. If you want to help me, give me back my gun."

As Roger relived the scene in his mind, his head moved from side to side in wonder and admiration. "Christ, can you imagine the Vietnamese we know and call our allies ever doing that?"

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It is created by Harry Lorayne, the world's greatest memory expert. It is designed—for the first time in history—*to coax incredible performance out of perfectly normal memories.* Performance like this:

Never Forget Anyone's Name Again As Long As You Live!

First of all, once you finish this revolutionary new memory course, then you may never again forget the name or face of anyone important to you. *You will be able to greet that person by his full name—instantly—even if you have not seen him for 5 . . . 10 . . . even 20 years.* You will be able to ask for his wife and children by name. You will automatically know his position in his company, his most avid interests, *even the exact date of his birthday, if you wish to really impress him.*

(Let us repeat this fact again: We realize that such a feat of memory is *absolutely impossible* for you today. *But we also realize that it is impossible for you BECAUSE YOU ARE POSSIBLY TRYING TO MEMORIZE THIS INFORMATION IN EXACTLY THE WRONG WAY.* Once you are shown the right way, the impossible can become commonplace. And you PROVE it *at our risk!*

Now let us go on to the other "impossible" feats you can perform:

Memorize An Entire Magazine At A Single Reading!

This is what you can actually learn to do—

Take any popular magazine of, say, 60 or 70 pages. Study it once, performing a simple trick that burns each one of its pages into your memory. (You will not, of course, memorize every word; but you *will* have enough of a *mental photograph* of each page to do the following:)

Hand that magazine to a friend—and ask him to call off any pages he wishes, in any order he chooses. *And hear him gasp in disbelief, as you tell him instantly—not only the editorial contents of each page—but the very advertisements next to them.*

You can perform this trick over and over again. *But far more important are the dozens of other applications of this same simple "Memory-Photographer" device:* Adding more new words to your vocabulary in a single weekend than the average person does in a year. Or committing an entire half-hour speech (or sales presentation) to memory in minutes, so that you can deliver it without a flaw. Or—a whole new world of fun for you—*memorizing as many as ten new jokes the instant you hear them, without forgetting a single phrase in any one of them, even as much as ten years later!*

Carry Your Own Telephone Directory In Your Head!

Now this course teaches you how to turn *any number you wish* into a *picture*—and then burn that number-picture into your memory *for good.*

For example, with this simple technique, you can memorize any telephone number (including the area code) in as little as thirty seconds, and never forget it as long as you need it (even if you carry as many as 100 of them in your head).

Or, if you give this "Photographic-Memory-for-Numbers" a slight twist, you can improve your performance in cards so dramatically that your friends may refuse to play with you for money any longer. For example, at a bridge game, you can have someone call off 47 cards from a deck hidden to you, *and then simply name the number and suit of each of the five missing cards, instantly.*

Or you can memorize entire price lists, and win sale after sale by quoting facts and figures lightning-fast in a customer's office.

Or indelibly impress a new acquaintance by asking him the date of his marriage (let's say it was January 4th, 1921), *and then instantly telling him the exact day of the week on which that date occurred.*

Become A "Human Computer" Overnight!

Or (and these are all tricks; but they win you astonishing attention and respect), you can memorize a twenty-digit number—for example 89562374408763967-943—within one minute. Or you can commit to memory all fifty state capitals *and their exact populations,* and use this stunt to warm up a party.

Or you can take twenty-five people in a room . . . assign a different six-digit number to each of them . . . *and remember every one of those numbers instantly.*

(Again, it *sounds* impossible; but this last "incredible feat" alone, *is actually so unbelievably easy that your eight-year-old son can master it in ten minutes, ONCE HE LEARNS THE SIMPLE TRICK.* Here's why:)

With This Revolutionary New Course, You Don't READ your Way To A Super-Power Memory, You PLAY Your Way To It!

Once again, to accomplish every one of these feats, you need nothing more than an average memory—PLUS THE SIMPLE TRICKS CONTAINED IN THIS COURSE.

There are TWELVE such "tricks" in this course. Each one is designed to give seemingly *super-strength* to another vital area of your memory.

For example, one Memory-Booster—which you master in five minutes—enables you to burn *foreign words* into your memory almost as fast as your eye can run over them. *Another destroys the unconscious error that makes you "absent-minded" today.* Still another gets rid of embarrassing spelling and pronunciation mistakes at a single glance.

And you automatically master each one of these tricks—not by your reading about it, or studying it—*but by PUTTING IT TO USE INSTANTLY, in question-and-answer, Mental-Isometric Exercises, that literally BURN IT INTO YOUR MEMORY, FOR GOOD!*

Once again, if you were to read an ordinary book, it could take you a week to learn to memorize names and faces alone. *But with the MEMORY-BOOSTER SHORTCUT given you in this course, you will memorize the names and faces of FIFTEEN STRANGERS—PERFECTLY—THAT VERY NIGHT!* Prove this fact to yourself, *or the course doesn't cost you a penny.*

Designed To Sell For $50 — Now Yours For A Small Fraction Of That Price!

The Harry Lorayne MEMORY-ISOMETRICS COURSE was originally designed to include *twelve* monthly correspondence sections—each selling for $4, or $48 for the entire program.

However, since this original price would bar many people who need this information, *we have removed the correspondence feature and put all twelve sections together in one handsome binder* . . . and released the course, not for the original $48, but for only $19.98 complete.

But we do NOT ask you to pay this amount *until you have proven its incredible results for yourself.* What we suggest instead, is this:

Remit at this time *only half the total cost of the course—$9.98. Prove every claim we have made before you pay a penny more.* If (as we believe) you are delighted, only then send us the remaining $10. Or, if you are dissatisfied in any way, *simply return the Course to us for every cent of your money back at once.*

TAKE THIS SUPER-MEMORY TEST!

Don't pay a cent unless you pass it 100%!

This is vitally important! At its very beginning, this *Memory Isometrics Course* gives you a special Test designed to: (1) Show you how inadequate your untrained memory is today. And (2) *Show you how incredibly-powerful that exact same memory can be, once it is strengthened by these simple tricks.*

Here is a brief outline of that test. Notice how impossible each one of these feats would be for you today:

1. Memorize a *twenty-digit number* after staring at it only once. 2. Memorize the names and faces of *fifteen people* instantly. 3. Memorize a list of *twenty* appointments, in their exact order. 4. Memorize an *entire magazine* page by page. 5. Memorize *an entire deck of cards.*

Now here is our guarantee: We believe that you will fail every one of these tests the first time you try them, before you take this course. *But we guarantee that you will pass EVERY ONE OF THEM when you have finished the course—OR EVERY CENT OF YOUR MONEY BACK! This course must perform for you, or it costs you nothing.* Why not send in the NO-Risk Coupon—TODAY.

YOURS FREE!

Harry Lorayne's best-seller, MIRACLE MATHEMATICS — yours FREE, even if you return this MEMORY COURSE for your money back!

Revolutionary new Mathematics-Made-Simple volume can turn you into a MATHEMATICAL WIZARD overnight! *Designed to give you a greater mastery of mathematics in a week than the average person develops in an entire lifetime!* Enables you to: Total up a column of figures as fast as an adding machine! Multiply and divide problem after problem, *entirely in your head! Save hundreds of dollars in "hidden" expenses on your home, car, food, installment buying, investments, life insurance!*

Thousands paid up to $6 for it! But now it's your FREE, *if you save us the cost of billing you for the second half of your MEMORY ISOMETRICS COURSE!* Simply send in the full price of the MEMORY ISOMETRICS COURSE today—$19.98. WE WILL THEN AUTOMATICALLY SEND YOU YOUR *FREE* COPY OF *MIRACLE MATHEMATICS.* And your money-back guarantee still holds. If you are not delighted, *simply return the course for your money back, and keep your FREE book as our gift!*

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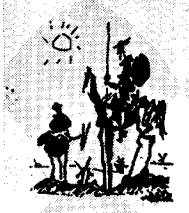

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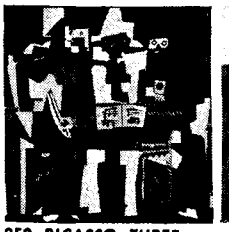

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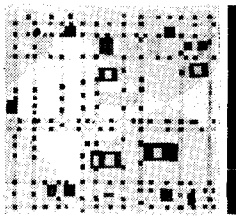

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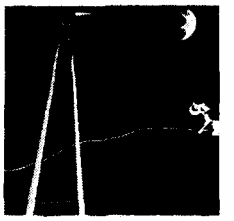

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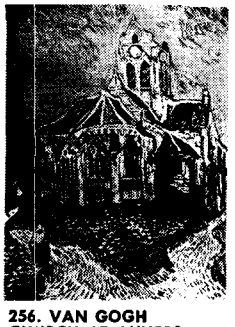

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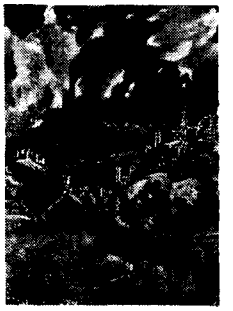

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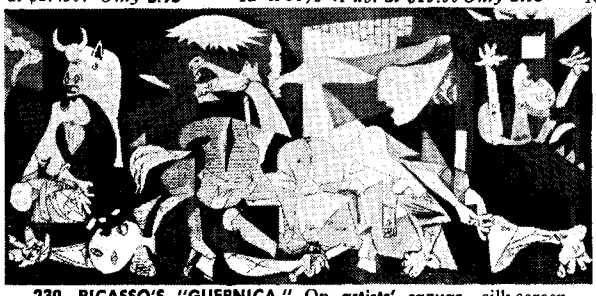

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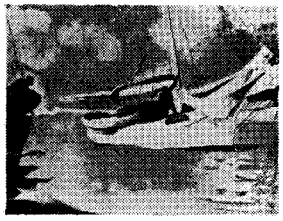

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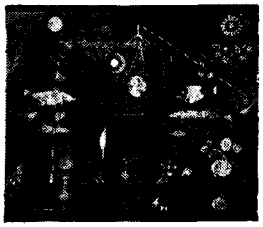

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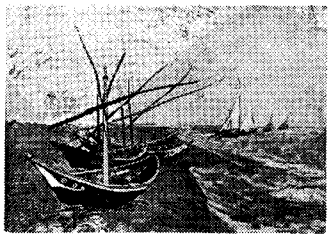

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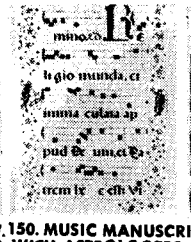

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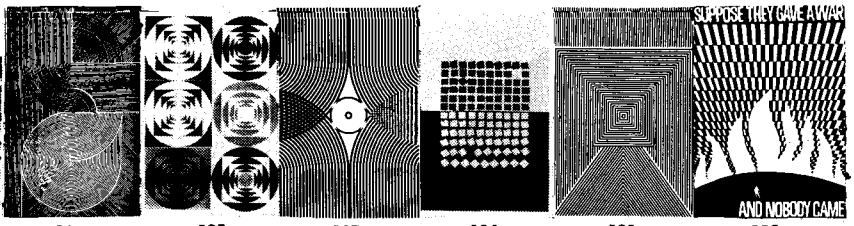

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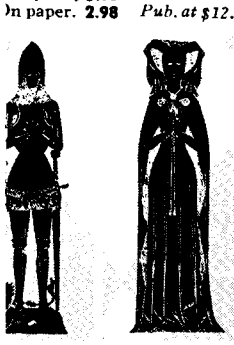

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The AMA Lies About Pot

by Joel Fort, M.D.

WITH THEIR DRAMATIC new report on the alleged dangers of marijuana, the American Medical Association and the National Research Council have dimmed the hopes for a liberalization of the drug laws. The AMA-NRC pronouncement also seems to have frightened many laymen who take a doctor's word as sacrosanct. It is important to note, therefore, that the report brought to light *no* new findings and was compiled *not* by research physicians but by men who move in the remote worlds of administration, academics and medical politics.

At the press conference announcing publication of the report in the June 24 Journal of the American Medical Association, its spokesmen—a University of California pharmacologist and a Harvard psychiatrist, neither of whom has done research on marijuana or has had sustained contact with users—stressed that there was "danger" in the drug. The taking of any drug, of course, or any biologically active substance, always involves some danger. This goes for aspirin and antibiotics as well as mind-altering substances like marijuana and alcohol.

The "new" research on which the AMA and the NRC based their conclusion was completed many months ago—and has already been covered in the national press. At the federal hospital in Lexington, Kentucky, a small number of former narcotics addicts were given varying oral doses of an extract of crude marijuana, ordinary smoking marijuana, and a recently synthesized sub-component of tetrahydrocannabinol (THC), the active principle in marijuana. With low doses of each of these substances, the subjects experienced the same "high" that follows social marijuana smoking. With larger doses of either the synthetic THC or the concentrated crude extract, most of the subjects showed marked perceptual changes or abstractions, labeled "hallucinations" by the experimenter and "psychotic reactions" in the AMA-NRC report. What this shows, of course, is that higher doses of a drug bring about stronger responses—an axiom of pharmacology.

Another axiom borne out in the recent study is that the same dose will have a different effect on different individuals. At a cocktail party, for instance, if people of the same age range and background consume like quantities of alcohol in the same time period, they may behave in vastly different ways, ranging from passivity to aggressiveness, impotence to satyromania. With marijuana, as with other mind-altering drugs, the effect depends upon a complex interaction between the dose taken, the social setting, and, most important, the personality of the drug user, including his or her state of mind, attitudes and expectations.

When an individual consumes alcohol, barbiturates, amphetamines, marijuana, LSD or another such substance, he is apt to experience an illusion (a misinterpretation of an actual sensation) or an hallucination (a perception arising internally but felt by the perceiver to have originated in the environment). There is also a finite possibility that underlying emotional instabilities or already existing psychoses will come to the fore; i.e.that a disintegration of the personality and loss of contact with reality will occur. The chances of this happening increase with the dosage. The most common example of psychosis in connection with the drugs listed is the permanent breakdown caused by excessive use of alcohol, which accounts for about 20 per cent of the patients in U.S. mental hospitals.

In contrast, there have only been a small number of fleeting "psychotic" reactions reported in U.S. professional literature in association with marijuana use—an infinitesimal number in view of the millions of users. I have seen a few instances of this kind of reaction, each lasting about eight to twelve hours.

From countries where marijuana use is widespread there have come occasional reports of "cannabis psychosis," and these are widely cited by U.S. foes of the drug. Visits to the institutions from which these reports emanate show that they are anecdotal, uncontrolled and unverifiable. In parts of India, Morocco, Egypt and Nigeria where cannabis use is widespread, it is standard practice at mental hospitals (where there may be only one psychiatrist for several thousand patients) to attribute most nonspecific psychoses to cannabis, even though the proportion of hospitalized citizens who regularly use it is often lower than the proportion of users in the total population.

GIVEN THE UNDENIABLE evidence of the dangers of alcohol and nicotine consumption, the AMA-NRC anti-marijuana campaign seems surreal and its puritan tone hypocritical. There are more alcoholics in the San Francisco Bay Area than there are narcotics addicts in the entire United States. Six million Americans have an unshakable dependency on alcohol. It leads to some 25,000 deaths and a million injuries on the highway each year. Fifty per cent of our prison population committed their crimes while drunk.

Some 60 million Americans smoke cigarettes, which contribute to hundreds of thousands of deaths and disabilities each year from lung cancer, heart disease, hypertension, emphysema and bronchitis. Sedatives, stimulants and tranquilizers are used by about 20 million, most of them in the middle and upper classes, most over thirty. An estimated 200,000 are or are becoming barbiturate addicts or victims of amphetamine psychosis. Millions of law-abiding people use narcotics prescribed by their doctors—morphine, codeine, Percodan and Demerol—for temporary relief of coughs and pains. Countless others take caffeine in coffee, tea and Coca-Cola, and use pseudo-sedatives such as Compoz.

America is the most drug-ridden society in history. The average "straight" American adult consumes from three to five mind-altering drugs a day. With such adults as role-models, it should not surprise us that so many young people accept with equanimity the wide range of opportunities for the alteration of their livers and lives. From infancy on-

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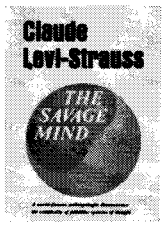

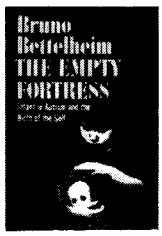

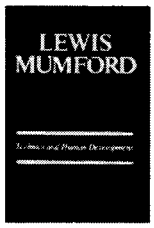

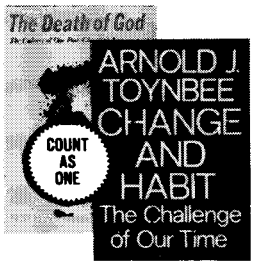

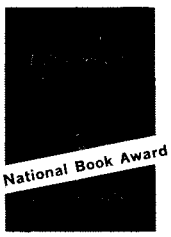

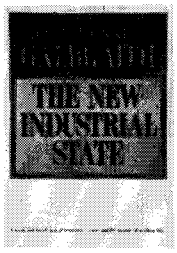

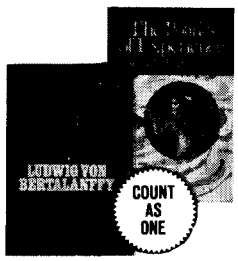

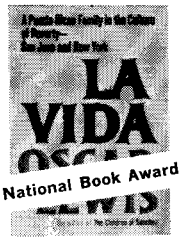

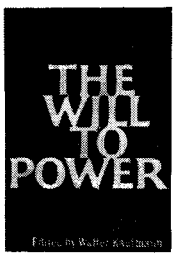

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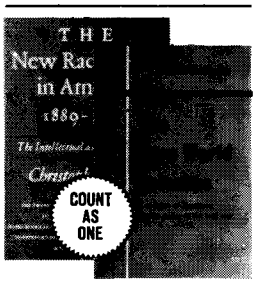

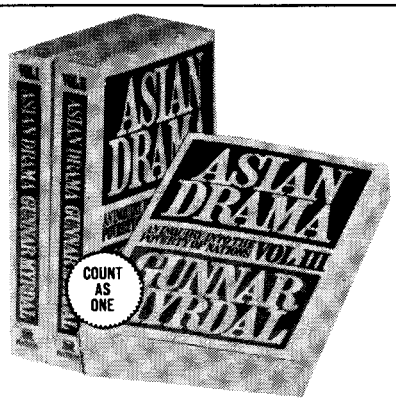

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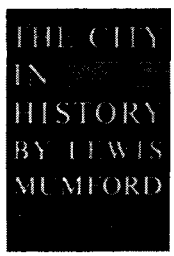

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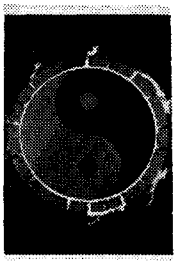

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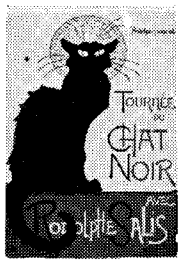

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ward, children are directly and indirectly taught by parents, television, movies and advertising that every time they have a pain or a problem, they should "solve" it by taking something. The alcohol, tobacco and pill industries spend hundreds of millions of dollars annually to encourage and promote maximum use of their products, each associating its drug with youthfulness and happiness.

The cigarette industry has taught our society that it is desirable to stick a dried plant leaf in one's mouth, set it on fire and inhale its fumes. One legacy of this mass inculcation is that Americans have tried smoking various leaves, including the leaves of the female cannabis sativa plant: *marijuana*. It does not, as its most zealous advocates claim, quickly produce creativity, insight, happiness and sexual prowess. Nor does it, as its detractors insist, transform contented, socially responsible individuals into murderers, rapists, heroin addicts and psychotics. The fact is that for most users there is no mind-altering effect.

A special technique of smoking must be learned, the effects of the drug must be perceived and related to the drug, and what is perceived must come to be subjectively interpreted as pleasurable if a person is to become a regular user. It is a process of learned behavior not much different from learning to use alcohol. Relaxation, euphoria, increased sociability, heightened awareness, quietude, perceptual changes, thirst and hunger, anxiety—each or all of these can occur within ten minutes of smoking, increasing over the next 30 to 45 minutes, and lasting up to several hours. With more than minimal doses, as with alcohol, coordination and reaction time are slowed. With excessive doses, whatever joyful effects the user has learned to feel are usually dissipated, and thus most users are content with perhaps a half a cigarette at a time. Heavy use on one single occasion produces gross intoxication or "drunkenness" with drowsiness or sleep. But even heavy use over many years produces no known damage to the liver, brain or other body organs.

WHAT IS IT ABOUT our society, then, that proscribes this one drug and prescribes the others?

In the mid-1930's a small group of underemployed former prohibition agents led by Harry J. Anslinger, head of the Federal Bureau of Narcotics, began lobbying for tougher anti-marijuana laws. At that time marijuana was a little known substance used chiefly by Mexican-Americans in the Southwest, some urban Negroes, jazz musicians and other outcasts of society. Congress held hearings on the drug at Anslinger's urging, and in 1937 the Marijuana Tax Act was passed. No medical, scientific or sociological evidence was introduced at the hearings, and it was Anslinger himself who testified as to the drug's alleged effects. To enforce the Marijuana Tax Act and the state laws which followed and made it a crime to sell the leaf without remunerating the government, Anslinger built an intricate system of national, state and local "drug police." He has now retired from the Narcotics Bureau, which has been made a branch of the Department of Justice.

The present federal laws impose sentences of two to ten years in prison for a *first* conviction for possessing even a small amount of marijuana; five to 20 years for a second conviction; and ten to 40 years for a third. The usual discretion that judges are given to grant probation or suspended sentences for most real crimes is taken from them by the laws for most pot offenses. For any sale—regardless of the amount and no matter whether from friend to friend or from "pusher" to "victim"—the federal penalty for a first offense conviction is five to 20 years, ten to 40 for a second.

As sociologists and criminologists have repeatedly pointed out, laws directed against status crimes, or crimes without victims (sex, drugs, gambling), in addition to creating a new crop of criminals by definition, drive the trade underground, making it profitable to organized crime. Thus, marijuana came to be supplied by the same operators who supplied heroin, and an individual growing up in an urban ghetto came into contact with both drugs from the same source at the same time. In actual fact, there is no inherent or causal relationship between marijuana use and any other drug, in the United States or in any other country—such as India, where millions regularly use cannabis in beverage or smoking forms but where heroin use is nonexistent.

AS THE "STEPPING STONE" myth has been demolished, a new worry has been created: "psychological dependence." The concept is identical with that of "habituation," and it means becoming so used to something psychologically that when the thing is absent, one becomes ill at ease and irritable. Indeed, this does occur with some marijuana users, just as it occurs with some alcohol, caffeine and nicotine users—and with some television viewers when the tube suddenly burns out. It is a perfectly valid charge against marijuana—and a perfectly hypocritical one.

It is apparent that marijuana has assumed symbolic values far beyond its actual importance as a drug both for those who wish to use it and those who wish to restrict its use. Indeed, it is probably the main symbol of the widening generation gap. How we deal with it in the next few years will have implications reaching far beyond the drug laws.

Marijuana and the laws relating to it play a major "smoke screening" role in American society, enabling police, politicians and the mass media to hide real drug, health, criminal and social problems which are difficult, embarrassing and interwoven with powerful interests. There is also an important scapegoating function: marijuana laws provide leverage for attacking youth, Negroes, Spanish-Americans, dissenters and intellectuals who might otherwise succeed in changing the status quo. Pot serves the purposes of those in power so well that they are evidently willing to pay the price of keeping it illegal: the rapid manufacture of tens of thousands of criminals through the imprisonment of otherwise well adjusted people; the breeding of disrespect for laws and police; the waste of tens of millions of tax dollars for ineffective—and often harmful—narcotics agencies, jails, court costs; the sustaining of organized crime; and the deployment of police away from dealing with the rapidly increasing crimes of violence.

Although spelled out as a basic goal in our Declaration of Independence, the pursuit of happiness is somehow looked upon as immoral and unacceptable by a considerable number of Americans who are able to rationalize alcohol and tobacco use, television watching and extramarital sex so as not to be uncomfortable. Marijuana use and youth are both attacked by an attitude of puritanism well defined by H. L. Mencken: "The haunting fear that someone, somewhere may be happy."

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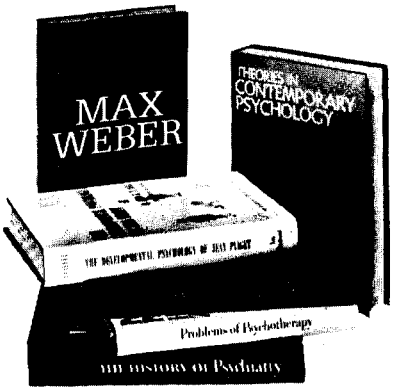

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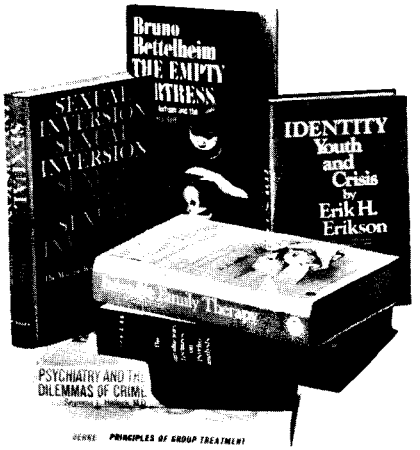

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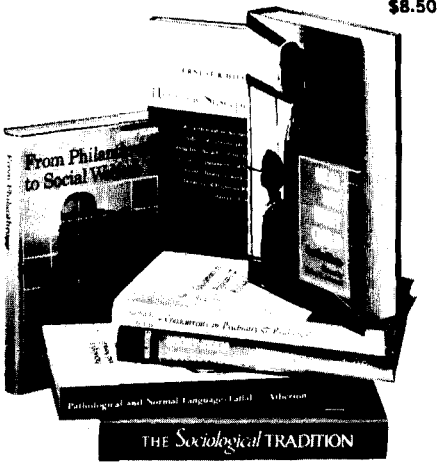

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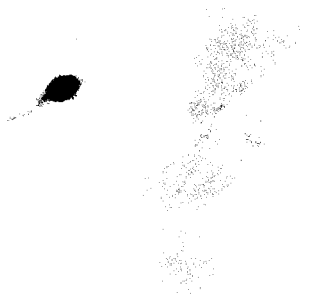

by Tom Hayden

"THE VIETNAMESE, YOU KNOW, have a lower standard of morality than we do," Averell Harriman confided to us in Paris a few weeks ago. So surprised was I to hear such a statement from America's most experienced negotiator that for several moments my mind tried to reject his words entirely. Had he said, "different culture"; "different standards"; "different than we"? Did it matter? I only knew that what Harriman had just stated was the white colonialist's oldest cliché.

Harriman was discussing Hanoi's projected release of three U.S. fliers. I was with Anne Wells Scheer, Vernon Grizzard and Stewart Meacham, American peace activists on their way to North Vietnam to meet the prisoners and arrange their return to the U.S. We had suggested that the best U.S. response to North Vietnam's gesture would be to allow the prisoners (if they wished) to return home to their families accompanied by peace movement representatives, rather than chance interception by the U.S. military, as happened in Laos last February with a group of released airmen.

It seemed almost as if Harriman wanted to sabotage or to ignore this act of good will by North Vietnam, in spite of the fact that he had previously told the press that Hanoi should make such a release in order to improve American public opinion towards the peace talks. Several times during our discussion, Harriman accused the peace group of planning to "work over" the prisoners while in Hanoi. The fliers would be picked up by the Air Force in Laos, Harriman said. And then, as if to demonstrate further his attitude toward Hanoi's gesture, he invited us to fly home on an Air Force plane from a base in Thailand from which the bombers leave for North Vietnam. "It's cheaper," his assistant noted.

Harriman's remark about Vietnamese morality was significantly revealing about American attitudes in Paris. I saw this country's delegates to the peace talks display a growing mood of irritation as the war continues to go badly for the United States and the Vietnamese show no sign of yielding at the conference table what they possess on the battlefield.

Harriman's dream, acquaintances say, is to cap his career as a public servant by signing a peace treaty with the Vietnamese. To achieve this ambition, he seems to have played a humiliating personal role to gain from President Johnson the appointment as negotiator. Johnson is said to have promised Harriman the post of peace negotiator despite the unimpressive agreements achieved in Laos in 1962, and despite Harriman's connections with Eastern finance and the Kennedy family. In return, Harriman tried to restrain Robert Kennedy's antiwar criticism. It was Harriman who went to Kennedy early in 1967, to plead that he not make the speech criticizing Johnson's failure to resume negotiations. But aside from his public relations role for the Democratic Party, Harriman has been unable to encourage talks or make much progress on the other task assigned him by LBJ—that of arranging prisoner exchanges.

I first met Harriman last winter, on his seventy-sixth birthday. He summoned me in order to ask how the antiwar movement was able to succeed where he could not, in working out the release of three prisoners from North Vietnam. As our discussion wandered into the area of negotiations, Harriman reminisced about the New Deal and the early Cold War experiences which so strongly influenced his current view of the world. As U.S. ambassador to Russia in the 1940's, he was associated with a tough line and scored unquestioned diplomatic victories, such as the inclusion of anticommunist elements in the postwar Polish government. The 1967 unrest in Poland and Czechoslovakia was heartening to him, he said, because it proved the possibility of realizing President Roosevelt's dream that the Communist countries would someday evolve closer ties with the West.

Harriman's birthday wish, I realized, was to repeat in Asia the process of taming communism which he thought had worked so well in Europe. He lamented his failure to get the

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talks going: "I've always felt that when you sit down and talk with these people you can begin to get into some give and take."

Our next meeting was on the day after Martin Luther King's assassination. Through the wide windows of the State Department offices we could see flames rising over Washington. But Harriman's mind was clearly elsewhere. Not only was his friend Robert Kennedy running a good race for the Presidency, but peace talks finally seemed about to begin. And although he had not been instrumental in arranging the talks—in fact he was vacationing in Florida when they were set up—LBJ had followed through on his promise and named Harriman as his peace negotiator.

There was some interdepartmental difficulty over the possible appointment of Llewellyn Thompson, U.S. ambassador to Russia, as Harriman's partner. The Russians were worried that the appointment of both Thompson and Harriman would too visibly imply a Soviet-American deal. In addition, Paris sources say Harriman feared that since Thompson was simply a conventional career diplomat, Harriman might be left open to all the blame for failures in the talks. Finally, the appointment of Cyrus Vance, LBJ's close associate and troubleshooter, calmed Harriman's fears; it served as an assurance that the President knew and approved Harriman's every move in advance. Having Vance at his side gave Harriman the confidence that his career would not be spoiled at its climax—though it also made clear to observers that his role was to be that of a puppet, not an actor, in the peace talks.

SO HARRIMAN FLEW TO PARIS, probably thinking himself the possessor of those sophisticated liberal techniques which, having worked for the New Deal, might yet save America from its Vietnam folly.

After settling in the most expensive room of the swank Hotel Crillon (he later moved to a rented apartment), Harriman began his tasks of manipulation. The Vietnamese were flexible and manipulative themselves, he knew. They constantly changed their position so as to raise hopes for peace. In January, they had said talks "will" begin after bombing ceases, a more definite statement than their previous "would," and a change that sent doves flapping to Harriman for an American response. Then in March, the Vietnamese invited CBS representative Charles Collingwood, an intimate friend of Harriman's, to Hanoi for an interview with Foreign Minister Nguyen Duy Trinh. Collingwood learned that at the interview, scheduled for April 3rd, North Vietnamese officials would make a new and substantial clarification of Hanoi's willingness to begin talks. Collingwood's cable to his network on March 27 was brought to the attention of President Johnson, who was already considering a new peace move to deflect antiwar sentiment during the election campaign and to cut losses in Vietnam. Not wanting Hanoi to appear the more flexible party, LBJ resolved the dilemma in his March 31 resignation speech, in which he declared a "bombing pause" and called for negotiations.

Harriman—and U.S. officials in general—may have mistaken Hanoi's flexibility about beginning talks as a sign of a new flexibility about issues. At any rate, after 13 weeks in Paris such illusions are being swept away. The U.S. seems willing to discuss everything but the subject that brought the Vietnamese to the table—the cessation of bombing.

Instead of discussing this subject, U.S. representatives are making demands to which they know the Vietnamese cannot agree. First, the U.S. demands that Hanoi "not take advantage" of a further U.S. reduction in the bombings. This unenforceable demand has various meanings: on one day it seems to mean that the North Vietnamese should withdraw from around the Demilitarized Zone (DMZ); on another day it appears to signify that they should withdraw from Laos; on still another it means they should not increase the flow of supplies into the South; and occasionally, it means that they should somehow stop the siege of Saigon. But whatever its meaning, this demand is based on a premise which the Vietnamese cannot accept, namely, that both sides have legitimate reasons for being in Vietnam. The Vietnamese can only reply that since Johnson has sent GIs to the Demilitarized Zone, it is not the responsibility of the North Vietnamese to let them settle in peacefully.

When the Vietnamese have in fact acted in a way that seems to conform to the U.S. demand that they not "take advantage," the U.S. has not responded. For instance, a State Department official was quoted in the April 16th New York Times as saying: "Enemy forces have carried out a general disengagement throughout South Vietnam in the past month." This pullback was from Saigon, Nha Trang, Qui Nhon, and even Khe Sanh, but the United States either read no significance into it, or, in the case of Khe Sanh, claimed a military victory.

The second and more fundamental U.S. demand concerns the formation of a future regime in South Vietnam. The U.S. has asked the other side to accept a "constitutional process" created by Americans as a legitimate governmental process. Members of the National Liberation Front could, theoretically, participate on a one man-one vote basis, but the NLF as an independent organization could not. Not only would the NLF have to disarm itself under the eyes of a U.S.-picked government, but it would be required to dissolve its organizational structure as well.

The U.S. stands by its October 1966 pledge to withdraw its troops "as the other side withdraws its forces to the North, stops infiltration and the level of violence thus subsides." This is and has been the Johnson alternative to the proposals for a coalition government in which power would be shared by the NLF as a political entity. But it is, of course, nothing more than a formula for surrender.

WHILE HARRIMAN IS IN PARIS repeating and reiterating these old saws, the U.S. is escalating the war in Vietnam. Officials and newspaper reporters have frequently cited examples of this. On May 25, the Chicago Daily News disclosed that only three days after the U.S. had agreed to meet the North Vietnamese in Paris, a secret directive had gone out to all U.S. field commanders calling for "an all-out offensive against the enemy" over the summer months. Then on June 10, as General Westmoreland, relieved of his command, was leaving Saigon, he gave a press conference in which he stated that while the United States cannot achieve "a military victory in the classical sense," it can wage "a war of attrition" which will sap the strength of the Vietnamese and jeopardize their future as a nation until they are brought to the bargaining table.

On May 28th, in testimony before the House Appropriations Committee, Secretary of Defense Clark Clifford said: "We are

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increasing the number of missions [over the panhandle] very substantially. As I remember the figures, they were something like 3000 in February, about 5000 in March, 7000 in April, and now they are running at about 10,000 sorties a month." Major General D. L. Crow, director of the budget of the Air Force, is quoted as saying in the same hearings: "Even though we have stopped bombing north of the 20th parallel, as a consequence of the additional B-52 sorties the overall expenditure of munitions [over North Vietnam] has considerably increased." His figure for March was 91,700 tons of munitions dropped over the panhandle. One U.S. official recently told an antiwar leader, "We have stopped the kind of bombing McNamara was opposed to "—that is, bombing aimed at popular morale in North Vietnam. The ongoing bombing is focused mainly on the supply lines.

And finally, the New York Times of July 13 reports that "the number of U.S. troops in South Vietnam has increased by 19,000 to 535,000 since Mr. Johnson first invited North Vietnam to match American restraint. During the same period the Pentagon's estimate of enemy troop strength has remained unchanged between 207,000 and 222,000 despite repeated charges of heavy enemy infiltration."

Instead of perceiving this obvious pattern, however, public opinion has tended to accept the limitations on bombing, Johnson's withdrawal from the presidential race, and the Paris talks as promising signs of imminent peace. Novelist Mary McCarthy, who listened to Johnson's March 31 withdrawal speech in Hanoi, reports that she and veteran radicals like Wilfred Burchett and Roger Pic jumped with joy at the announcement. Their reaction was repeated, in various forms, throughout America, Western Europe and presumably the Soviet Union.

Now, however, a new interpretation is required. It must be realized, as the authors of *The Politics of Escalation* point out, that the United States' previous "peace gestures" have had the dual effect of allowing escalation of the war while convincing the public that Washington desired negotiations. Previous escalations, however, have been direct responses to military difficulties the U.S. was having on the battlefield. The March 31st gesture perhaps seemed to be a genuine peace move because it stemmed from the greatest difficulties this administration has ever faced, at home as well as in the field: the Tet offensive, the drain on U.S. military reserves, the gold crisis, and the McCarthy and Kennedy challenges. So enormous were these troubles that the war could not be escalated in an orthodox way. It would have been necessary to increase both the draft and taxes, perhaps to impose price and wage controls, and restrictions on expression. All this would have been political suicide in an election year. But by his resignation Johnson has made all these measures feasible. In short, Johnson may have sacrificed himself rather than his war.

There even exists a theoretical advocacy of what the United States is now doing, set forth by none other than Herman Kahn, the apostle of thinking the unthinkable about thermonuclear war. In a book called *Can We Win in Vietnam?*, published after the Tet offensive, there appears an essay by Kahn called "Toward a Program for Victory," proposing many steps which are now part of U.S. policy. Kahn actually recommends escalation designed to look like a peace gesture. For example, he suggests that the South Vietnamese Army be made to bear more of the burden of the war by being reshaped into an effective police and security force within U.S. controlled areas. A plan similar to this was in fact taken to Saigon by Defense Secretary Clark Clifford in mid-July. Even more significantly, Kahn suggests a "curtailment of the bombing north of Vinh and an increase in the bombing south of Vinh, particularly in the passes containing most of the routes leading to South Vietnam and in the area immediately north of the border. Such a change in bombing policy can be presented in a variety of ways ranging from a fairly major concession to North Vietnam (and to the critics of the bombing) to a minor de-escalation."

KAHN'S THINKING ILLUMINATES that of Averell Harriman because it shows that there is no essential difference between those in the administration who emphasize victory and those who emphasize negotiations. Both have the same goal of negotiating from strength, hoping to achieve a long-term American presence in Vietnam alongside a controllable non-Communist government. The difference between administration hawks and doves, between the Rostows and the Harrimans, is one of means: whether, for instance, the bombing is productive or counter-productive. This explains how such a man as Clark Clifford, symbolizing more than any other individual the military-industrial complex and long known to be a hawk, could switch quickly from advocating bombing to advocating the present limitations.

The basic U.S. problem today—as it has been throughout the last 25 years in Vietnam—is that the American position is based on illusions. And no matter how many billions it spends or how many troops it sends, the administration cannot transform Washington fantasy into Vietnamese reality.

The principal fantasy is Washington's dogmatic belief in the mechanical, military force of the United States, its supreme world position and the inability of the peasant population to withstand such a force. But certainly North Vietnam is surviving even the increased level of bombing, in spite of the fact that it is by far the heaviest bombardment in history. One Vietnamese in Paris told me that the U.S. evacuation of Khe Sanh opened up a "boulevard." I replied that some kind of strong umbrellas would be needed because of the bombing of this boulevard. He answered, "But there is no rain and no bombing under the ground, it is more like a subway than a boulevard." The point is that their air defense shelter system and supply lines can withstand any siege, because of their high morale. It should be kept in mind by those considering a U.S. invasion north of the DMZ that such a tactic would force a reduction in the bombing to spare American lives, thus permitting guerrilla war by Vietnamese who are waiting there with great vengeance.

A second U.S. illusion is that the ARVN (Army of the Republic of Vietnam) can be improved by distributing M-16 rifles and throwing out corrupt officials. The nature of ARVN is that the foot soldiers are drafted unwillingly while the decision makers at all levels are interested in money first, survival second and anti-Communism third. Even if this were an exaggerated description, it is beyond question that the NLF guerrillas can defeat the ARVN. This, after all, was the reason for American military intervention in the first place.

The third U.S. illusion is that the constitutional process in Saigon can be patched up even as a facade. The Americanization of the war and the turn to exclusively military objectives

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has alienated nearly every Vietnamese in the cities from the war effort. The split between elements in the puppet government, even between Thieu and Ky, is leading to an even greater disorganization. South Vietnam is not Taiwan, not South Korea, not Laos. There are no neo-colonial resources of the kind that Averell Harriman seeks.

The fourth American illusion is that the Viet Cong simply cannot last. Secret CIA reports, known to Robert Kennedy before his death, gave the NLF control even of districts in Saigon itself. Hue is controlled, de facto, by the NLF and its allies. Their weapons are the best in the world, from China, Russia, Eastern Europe and the United States. Their positions in rural areas are becoming firmer as the U.S. is retreating to the cities. Having suffered so long they can suffer longer, and their exhilaration grows as they come closer to raising their flag in Saigon.

Concerning the talks in Paris, there is another whole series of U.S. illusions. In its satisfaction with having deflated the antiwar movement, the administration is underestimating the degree to which it has trapped itself in a position which also deflates prowar sentiment. Not only McCarthy, but Nixon, Rockefeller and Humphrey now sense that political opportunism dictates a doveish posture. None of them are presently advocating escalation; rather, they propose a diplomatic settlement; all of them have gone on record against "more Vietnams" and the U.S. role as "policeman of the world."

Of course, just as Johnson's 1964 campaign rhetoric ultimately meant nothing, so might that of the present candidates. But it is also a measure of how little prowar sentiment there really is to be tapped in the country. The defense intellectuals like Herman Kahn may have impressed Clark Clifford with the tactic of escalating while appearing to de-escalate, but in the process they have—perhaps unknowingly—given the average citizen hope that peace at last can be achieved. Continuation of the war will cause greater bloodshed, greater economic strains and continue to drain resources which could be used to solve other conflicts at home and abroad.

THESE ARE SOME OF THE REASONS why the Vietnamese in Paris are, in their words, optimistic about the future. They have known longer than any American that the U.S. is the victim of its fantasies in Vietnam. They know that the arrogance of the U.S. makes the acceptance of defeat nearly impossible. They know that the U.S., like a cornered and insane dog, may strike out in any direction. They expect a long wait in Paris. "We know the enemy very well," they say, "and we brought our barber here."

During their wait they live their usual austere lives. In contrast to the rich Americans' quarters, the Vietnamese have taken residence in a drab, enclosed school complex ten miles from the Left Bank. There they have privacy, Vietnamese food, their own songs, word from home. In the courtyard, a few of them play a paddle ball game with amazing coordination. They dress in proper dark suits when they go out, far more formally than they do in Hanoi.

They were fascinated by the May revolution in France, realizing, as one of them put it, that the students were "inspired by the example of Vietnam." But their sympathies were carefully controlled because of the value they place on de Gaulle's Vietnam policy and his generosity as their host.

They do not expect much more effective world support than they presently have. It is obvious that the Chinese have not given official support to the talks, and that the Russians are at least as interested in good relations with Johnson and Humphrey as they are in victories for Vietnam. One is constantly reminded of Che Guevara's analogy between those who support Vietnam and the cheering crowds who watch the bullfighter as he struggles alone. The Vietnamese, however, are used to only partial support or even betrayal from their allies. Ironically, the school compound in which they are housed is named after Maurice Thorez, the French Communist leader who, in the 1940's, declared that he would never abandon France's claim in Indochina. After a long and rather realistic review of the state of international support for the Vietnamese, one of the delegation simply shrugged and said, "We don't care. *We* will settle the situation in Vietnam."

The Vietnamese look upon the talks in Paris as only a continuation of the negotiations for their independence which began 22 years ago. That is the meaning, for example, of their demand that the United States respect the spirit of the Geneva Accords. They are no longer prepared to bargain over their independence. Indeed, at this point they would rather sacrifice their country. But they do not believe that will be necessary. They expect that sooner or later the United States will have to stop its bombing or the NLF will win decisively in South Vietnam, and then at last there will be forward motion to the conversations in Paris. The conversations will become, in the Vietnamese view, talks concerning the agenda for and the parties to a larger conference. Questions such as participation by the NLF, the new Alliance of Democratic, National and Peace Forces and other groups in South Vietnam, and the questions of relations between North Vietnam and South Vietnam, trade relations between Vietnam and the West, the possibilities of neutralization, and the question of Laos—all could be considered as topics for the agenda at that time. That settled, "negotiations" could finally proceed. In advance, it is impossible to predict the exact process by which the conversations, the talks and negotiations could proceed and be concluded. On such questions the Vietnamese are very flexible, but they are very inflexible about demands for recognition of their national right to exist as an independent country.

Contrary to statements from Washington, the Vietnamese are placing a minimum of hope in the American election. Naturally it is of interest to them that eminent politicians like Kennedy, Fulbright and McCarthy have opposed U.S. policy in Vietnam, and naturally they hope that the elections will produce a mandate against the war. But they realize that many Americans do not vote, that votes are not cast on an issue basis, and that the Democratic and Republican politicians deceive their constituencies. They need only recall the 1964 elections as evidence. Their feeling is that the situation in Vietnam and the state of world public opinion will be the determining factor. "If we are strong," said one, "then even a Goldwater would have to get out of Vietnam, but if we are weak then even a dove would be forced to bomb."

In the long run they feel they are strong. In the meantime, they maintain a patient anger towards Averell Harriman. "Day after day he deliberately allows the bombing of our country to go on," they say, "and we are forced to call him Your Excellency."

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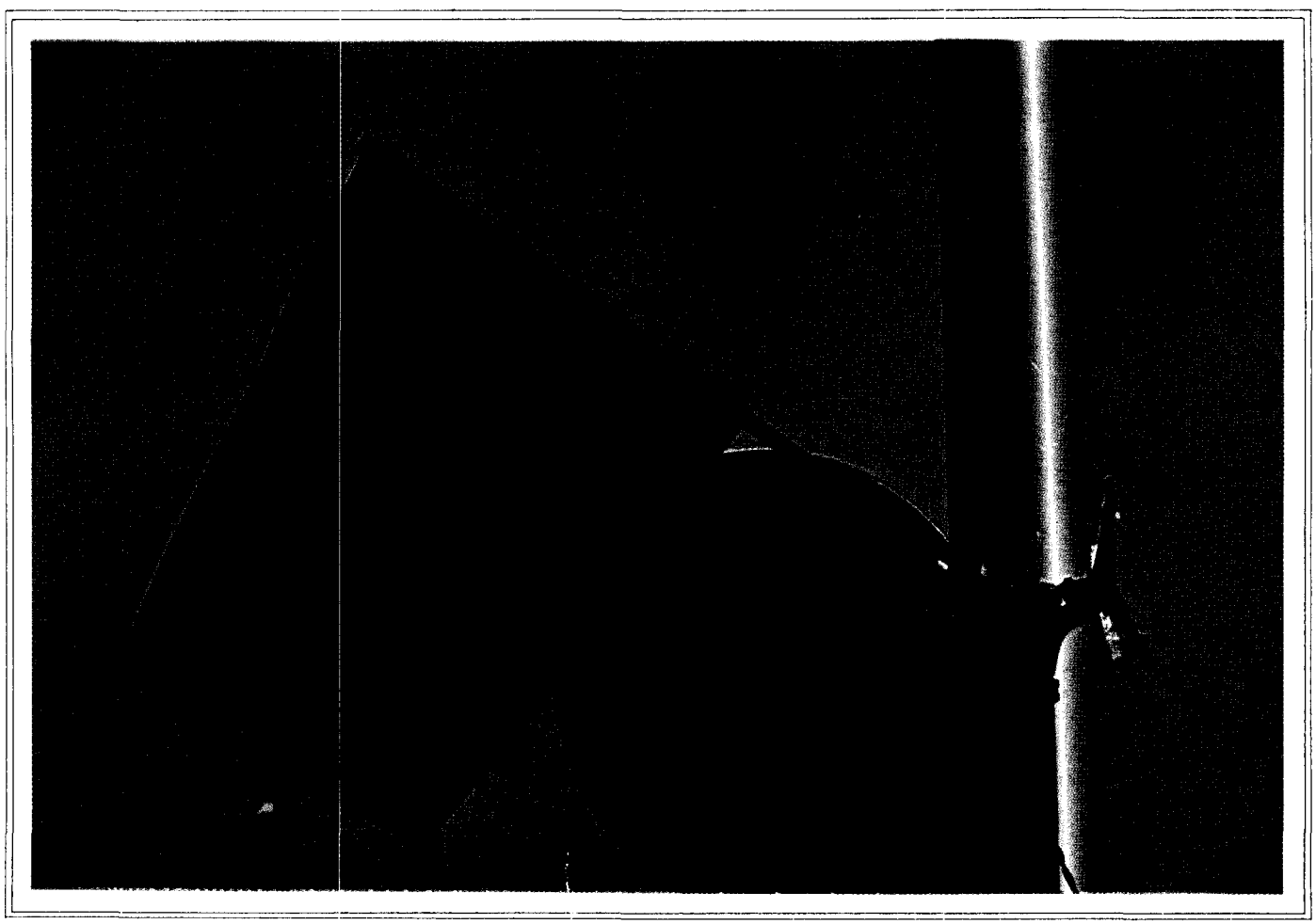
[Insurrection]

Telegraph Avenue in Berkeley: After the Barricades, Let the People Decide



by Steve Chain *with the assistance of Reese Erlich, David Kolodney & John Spitzer*

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THE UNUSUAL FOURTH OF JULY oratory might have shocked a passing American Legionnaire, but to the 15,000 residents of Berkeley, California, who had gathered for the First Annual Telegraph Avenue Independence Day Street Dance and Rally, it was all a bit old hat. Five days before, clouds of tear gas and smoke had marked Berkeley as a crucible of insurrection, but on the Fourth the air was filled with incense and marijuana. A rock band called Phoenix had risen from the weekend's ashes to entertain the crowd, and there was free ice cream for all.

It was a victory rally of sorts. Permission to hold the rally had been a major demand of the insurrectionists, but the concession still seemed disproportionate to the magnitude of the struggle. Few felt they had taken on massed police power just for the right to have this party, but the assertion of that right was the beginning, at least, of an articulation of what the fight *had* been about. And it is clear that whatever answers might be given when intuition finally gives way to analysis, the first answer lies in the street itself: Telegraph Avenue.

For most of its length, Telegraph Avenue is an ordinary six-lane artery, sometimes dull and sometimes mildly interesting. At its southern end it runs through the business district of Oakland. Northward, it turns black briefly near the Showcase, a good jazz club, then passes an old Italian neighborhood where a couple of restaurants and one excellent delicatessen still survive, and eases its way into Berkeley.

In its last four blocks, the Avenue changes entirely. At Dwight Way it becomes barely four cars wide—two moving and two parked—and creeps past Haste, Channing and Durant to its end at Bancroft Way, which runs along the south side of the University of California campus. Opposite the end of Telegraph Avenue is the University's Sather Gate, the Student Union and the famed steps of Sproul Hall.

These four blocks, with a little spillover onto the side streets, have long been the marketplace for the campus community. "Quality" stores sell Danish modern furniture, leather dresses and Ernst ties to the affluent. Alongside are the strictly campus-oriented stores: bookshops, record stores, vendors of typewriters and blue books, as well as the Heidelberg, the Forum and other purveyors of beer, hamburgers and/or espresso. And finally there are the "head" shops—the outlets for incense and hookahs, fascinating fabrics, op, pop and art nouveau. And everyone sells posters and buttons.

Until the 1964 Free Speech Movement, Berkeley, with its mild, friendly environment and its pleasantly liberal administration, had provided students with a kind of temporary refuge from the blistering world outside. They would enjoy the rich benefits of the University community for a time, and then resign themselves to the fact that it was unreal and return to the insane world.

After 1964, however, an increasing number of former students gave up the outside world as totally as they could and settled down in the south campus area on and around the Avenue, where they tried to piece together a life style they could call their own. Simultaneously there was an influx of hippies who, even more than the campus activists, denied the values and the standards of the rest of the world.

Relations between the two groups were not always smooth. The activists wistfully called for political union with blacks and other minorities and disparaged the "apolitical" attitudes of the hippies. The hippies were "turned off" by the proselytizing tone of the activists and by the idea of maintaining any ties at all with the "straight" world. The two groups, however, were not really as far apart as their complaints might have led one to believe. They lived in close, sweaty proximity with one another in the Telegraph Avenue area, and they shared an acute sensibility that American society was headed irrevocably toward disaster.

Between this new generation of hippies and the political activists, a symbiotic relationship formed. The hip began to listen, to attend, to participate. The activists began smoking grass and attending rock concerts. Starting from different poles, the two groups came together at the point of a new life style—a mutual concern for social, cultural and political values that provided the necessary bonds for what can only be called a new community.

Telegraph Avenue became first the gathering place, then the center and finally the symbol of this new community, which claimed a territory and declared its right to transform that territory into a place where the quality of life could be consonant with the desires of its inhabitants.

But unfortunately, the Avenue is also geographically and legally a part of Berkeley, California.

[I. FRIDAY, JUNE 28]

ON TUESDAY, JUNE 25, PETER CAMEJO, leader of the Young Socialist Alliance, attended a meeting of the Berkeley City Council, to discuss a Telegraph Avenue street rally his group had organized for the following Friday in support of the insurrectionary French students. Camejo's purpose was to ask the Council and the police not to interfere with the rally. The Council listened politely, then concluded that since Camejo was not formally applying for an assembly permit, there was no issue to discuss. But if he *did* apply, Camejo pressed, would the city find that there would be grounds to deny it? City Manager William C. Hanley replied, "There most certainly would be." However, since the "grounds" on which the permit would be denied were never discussed, Hanley's statement struck the organizers as arbitrary, and they determined to go ahead with the rally as planned.

What happened at the rally followed an increasingly predictable international pattern. Tension built steadily all day Friday, and the meeting finally began at about 8:00 p.m. After several relatively unexciting speeches by local activists, uniformed policemen began to appear on the rooftops of various buildings along the Avenue. Several demonstrators began to shout at the police and to drift into the street, against indifferent efforts at restraint by the rally monitors. Nothing more happened for some time, though the group standing in the street continued to grow; the meeting was about to end when Berkeley Police Chief William Beale arrived and announced that an illegal gathering was in progress.

Immediately, the monitors became concerned and effectively herded the spectators back onto the sidewalk. Camejo leaped to the stand and asked the chief whether the demonstration could continue now that everyone was out of the street. The chief, obviously surprised by the discipline of the sizable group (estimates of its size vary; 500 is the lowest) and by Camejo's conciliatory tone, grunted, "Give me two minutes."

He didn't use up his time. After only the briefest consultation with lieutenants, the police chief returned to demand that

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the now orderly crowd disperse or be dispersed with "chemical agents." The crowd stayed where it was, still orderly and virtually unmoving, but responded with an angry shout.

Slowly at first, while reporters watched, the police moved in, clearing a portion of Telegraph Avenue. The crowd fell back, unresisting but moving no further than a few feet from the police. The chorus of angry shouts grew louder.

For an hour the two groups faced each other. Finally the order came again: disperse or be dispersed. The police put on gas masks; a few rocks came from the first physically defiant demonstrators. And then the cops broke all the rules.

It seemed as though the Fourth of July had arrived early, so frequent were the sounds of bursting tear gas canisters. From blocks away one could hear the battle raging between the now furious demonstrators, hurling whatever missiles were available, and the heavily armed policemen. The streets of south-of-campus Berkeley were filled with clouds of noxious gas. (You could still smell it two blocks from Telegraph the following afternoon.)

There were few arrests. Almost every demonstrator the police caught—whether or not he (or she) had thrown a rock—was skillfully and brutally beaten and then released. The cops prevented reports of the magnitude of the event by relying on beatings—unseen by reporters—rather than arrests.

The streets crossing Telegraph Avenue were flooded with demonstrators fleeing the melee. In some areas, clusters of braver demonstrators tried to hold their ground and to retaliate—and it *was* retaliation—with bottles, rocks and bricks. One sizable group withdrew to the campus at the end of the Avenue and set up barricades, complete with bonfires. As police approached, they were pelted with slabs of concrete.

Of course the police won. They had suddenly and without warning escalated the confrontation beyond the wildest imaginations of the demonstrators. Gradually, the fighting died down and people returned to their homes, many of them considering for the first time and with mixed feelings the implications of their actions. And beyond the confrontation, one thought began to take shape in the mind of the Telegraph Avenue community: if the police invaded their territory, they would have to defend themselves. Ironically, it was the police themselves, by their unexpected escalation, who prepared the psychological groundwork for the self-defense of the Avenue.

The "new community" was an amorphous thing on Friday. By Saturday it had been welded together by tear gas.

[II. SATURDAY, JUNE 29]

A TENSE CALM PREVAILED on Saturday. On the Avenue the tear gas smell was strong and many of the crowd tight-faced and angry, but faculty wives shopped as usual and traffic was no more than its usual mess. Most of Berkeley knew, however, that it was a night of choice: you were either going to go to Telegraph or you felt it would be damn smart to stay away from Telegraph.

At about 7:30 in the evening, several hundred irate activists gathered where the Avenue meets the campus. A number of speeches proclaimed and insisted on the territorial sovereignty of Telegraph Avenue. Orators exhorted demonstrators to take what was rightfully theirs. Determined, the crowd marched the three blocks to the scene of the previous night's rally. While additional speeches were made, some began to erect barricades at strategic points and to redirect traffic.

As far as the community was concerned, it was no longer confrontation; it was liberation. The Avenue was, for the moment, theirs. In what must have seemed an absurd contrast to those who didn't understand the evolution of the Avenue, a rock band set up and demonstrators danced in the streets. They passed incense and joints. There was no violence.

Berkeley Mayor Wallace Johnson arrived at the scene and tried to explain that the "liberation" was a violation of municipal law. He asked that the demonstrators move off the street into a nearby parking lot while the constitutional questions were discussed. The demonstrators replied that the street was their territory and he could say whatever he had to say right there. What the Mayor could not understand was that for the crowd the issue was not what the municipal laws might or might not say, but the right of the Telegraph Avenue community to exist as an entity.

The "liberation" continued for two hours. Some demonstrators, convinced that they had won a victory, however hollow, went home; some few awaited violence; most simply had a good time. And as a California highway patrolman boasted later, "They never even saw us comin'."

They came in waves—the Berkeley police, the Highway Patrol, and the gleeful crackers of the Alameda County Sheriff's Department—and they came from all directions. There was no order to disperse, no opportunity for the casual tourist or the "innocent" bystander to separate him- or herself from the demonstrators. People ran frantically in every direction, trying to escape club-swinging policemen. Again, the pattern—and apparently, from its prevalence, the order—was to beat and club rather than arrest.

What on Friday had been a violent confrontation became on Saturday a full-scale riot. The frightened and the nonviolent among the Avenue community had prudently stayed home. As soon as demonstrators were able to regroup, police and police vehicles were greeted with barrages of stones and bottles. A modern "plastic" apartment building under construction a block away was set ablaze. The crowd selected its targets, concentrating on the Avenue stores whose owners had been particularly unsympathetic in the past and on those institutions which it considered symbolic of the repressive society. Rocks and bricks crashed through the windows of Bank of America and Wells Fargo branches. "Friendly" merchants were generally spared. (The Avenue's favorite bookstore, Cody's, suffered a broken window, but this was apparently an accident.) A nearby house, recently expropriated by the University, was also set aflame.

The combination of smoke and tear gas made breathing almost impossible and Telegraph was soon cleared, leaving broken glass and scrawled slogans (together on the same wall one could read "Free Huey!" and "Free Assembly"). Police cars pursued anyone their occupants suspected, and the cops beat up anyone they caught. Many of those who were arrested were charged with felonious assault of a police officer—a sure sign to the experienced, from Paris to New York to Los Angeles, that widespread brutality had been taking place.

When the evening was over, 31 demonstrators had been hospitalized and a dozen police injured, including a highway patrolman burned by what he said was a Molotov cocktail. (On the following Monday a black activist named Wayne Greene was arrested for assault; his attorney termed it a case of misidentification "at least.") On Sunday morning, Berkeley

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The Berkeley "Police Action"

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was declared to be in a state of emergency and a seven p.m. curfew was imposed. It was a curious state of "emergency," for almost all the violence had been on the part of the police. The peaceful seizure of Telegraph Avenue, while undoubtedly illegal, was certainly temporary and hardly an urban disaster.

The news of the curfew brought feelings of shock and alarm to the citizens of Berkeley—both the activists and some who hadn't been so active. Posters announcing an early afternoon meeting in a church hall appeared in the streets surrounding the affected area. When the time for the meeting arrived, more than a thousand people were on hand. The red flags of revolution waved alongside the black flags of anarchy. Hippie men with hair halfway down their backs stood side by side with veteran activists from the 1964 Free Speech Movement days. The new community had assembled itself in force, along with a sizable body of sympathizers from "outside."

The meeting itself was a fiasco. The community had been united by the police riot, but it still did not know how to talk to itself or to the outside world. Lacking any indigenous organization, the group had to invoke Robert's Rules of Order (or a facsimile thereof) and many of those in attendance simply turned off. Cracks began to appear in the solidarity of the streets; all attempts at organization failed. Finally, the group left the meeting and marched to the edges of the curfew area to "draw the police out."

The police were keeping themselves busy. During the day the Avenue had been filled with policemen, moving in pairs and trying to ignore the knots of young people haranguing them. As curfew time drew near, the police numbers swelled; some took positions atop Avenue buildings with rifles clenched in both hands. Squads of the notoriously brutal Oakland police had been brought in as reinforcements.

At seven p.m. on Telegraph the sun was still out. Policemen checked their watches anxiously. Then a squadron of several police cars, with six cops in each, rounded the corner. "Please go home—the seven o'clock curfew is in effect." With little resistance, the streets and sidewalks were soon cleared. In the most "liberal" town in the country, a police state reigned.

[III. "THE RADICAL JESUS IS WINNING"]

BY TUESDAY, THE BERKELEY CITY COUNCIL had apparently decided that something out of the ordinary had happened; the agenda scheduled for its regular meeting was delayed so that the significance of the recent events could be assayed; the meeting was moved from the Council chambers to a small high school auditorium, then to the large community theater.

Once again the new community turned out in force. The great majority of those present were hippies, students or activists; they were joined by some clergymen and middle-class adults sympathetic to the demonstrators. Out of perhaps 2000 present, only 40 or 50 were elderly or conservatively dressed.

One speaker warned the councilmen that they were blind to the best interests of their own system: "Your repressive control is creating the revolutionaries of tomorrow." And an erect, self-assured Baptist minister brought a cheering crowd to its feet: "I am not an activist," he began, unnecessarily. "I am a midwestern American and I was registered Republican. I could hardly believe my eyes, that this was happening in America. I was afraid to take my 11-year-old daughter out on the streets—not because of rioters, but because of police."

The high point of the assembly came as a young, bearded minister, garbed in almost self-consciously hip fashion, took the podium. Beginning with the salutation, "Good afternoon, fellow public servants," he continued: "Telegraph and its people are my parish. And I protest city violence against my parish and my people. I have a series of questions for the Council to think about:

"Why did you, Mayor Johnson, and Police Chief Beale, with 15 gas-masked officers, enter my church without a warrant and search it on Saturday night? Why was my church, a first aid station, tear-gassed repeatedly on Friday and Saturday nights? Why was Father John Kerman Brown, of our staff, brutally beaten on church property while helping the injured into our first aid station—after he identified himself to the police? Why were two other clergy—who were helping us on the street with corporal acts of mercy with the injured—beaten?

"I say that Telegraph Avenue should be opened up and given to the people. And finally, as we say at the Free Church, in spite of establishment violence, the liberated zone is close at hand and the radical Jesus is winning."

But after all the talk was over, the real concern of most participants—the issue that had brought the disparate groups together in the demonstration and in the Council audience—was that Telegraph be recognized as the symbolic citadel it had come to be. And the main specific demand that finally emerged was simple: that Telegraph Avenue be closed on the Fourth of July to permit a celebration by the new community.

Black Councilman Ronald Dellums—elected originally by a black-radical-liberal coalition and the one councilman who vigorously defended the demonstrators—moved to approve the request. But when a vote was taken, the Telegraph Avenue Fourth of July proposal lost, five to four.

That night, a thousand protestors returned to the same auditorium, determined that they would do something on July 4, regardless of the Council, but uncertain of what it would be. The meeting dragged on, almost mindlessly, for hours; it became painfully clear that the Fourth of July would be another day of "everybody doing his thing"—but also that it might again be a day of massive confrontation.

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO SAY what July 4 in Berkeley would have been like had events continued on the course that was set at the Tuesday Council meeting. Without doubt there would have been a larger and bloodier confrontation. And it is not unlikely that at least some of the demonstrators would have been prepared to even the odds on weaponry. But none of the nightmares that filled that period of apprehension were tested by the light of day.

A number of clergymen had been talking with Mrs. Bernice May, a liberal councilwoman who professes a philosophic belief in nonviolence. Mrs. May finally decided to change her vote—not out of any respect for the "cultural autonomy" of the protestors, but simply because granting permission for the rally on the Fourth would avoid violence.

The Fourth of July swung. They blocked the streets; rock bands played and everybody (except Wayne Greene and a few dozen others under serious police charges) had a ball. Telegraph belonged to the community. At least for a day.

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July 4th on Telegraph Avenue

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Larry Love, alias Julian Foxglove, alias Derry Dover, alias Herbert Khaury, alias TINY TIM

BLOCK WEST OF TIMES SQUARE, on 42nd Street between Seventh and Eighth Avenues, sandwiched in among the all-night movies, the pornographic bookstores, the slice-a-pizza counters and the discount electronic gadget schlock shops, is a famous freakery, Hubert's Flea Circus. The ground floor, opening off the stree is a penny arcade with the usual complement of take-your-own-pl oto booths, pinball machines, a shooting gallery and a novelty counter selling switchblades, handcuffs and other souve irs of Manhattan.

Hubert's freak show is one flight down, below street level. There you can still see such attractions as Bo-Bo the Dog-faced Boy; Big Jim the World's Strongest Midget and his sword-swallowing, fire-eating wife, Nellie the Belly; and LaVerne La Verne, the Bearded Beauty Queen. There too are Marvelous Max the Mindless Mentalist; Lefty McHale, the Armless Wonder; and even, from time to time, the celebrated Colonel H. R. Heinious and his Repertoire Company of Trained Fleas. One can still see these carny side show attractions during off-season, these glandular disorders and birth defects, oddities and rarities, all playing at Hubert's—known unaffectionately in the trade as "The Pit."

They do 16 shows a day at Hubert's, one every half-hour. The audience, usually eight or nine out of town gawkers, time killers and other spectator types, is conducted through the room by a gravel-throated barker who introduces the acts and leads the audience from stage to stage, upstairs and out, all in less than 30 minutes.

In 1958, one of Hubert's attractions was strange, sad Larry Love, the Singing Canary. A tall, thin, pale-faced youth with hair down to his shoulders (a decade ago, this was not so common) and a kind of cracked falsetto voice, Larry Love would wait behind the curtain while the barker introduced him as: ". . . the sen-*sa*-tional Larry Love, the boy with the beautiful voice, our own sweet Sing-ing Canary, let's see if we can get him to come out and sing one little song. How about it folks, how about a little applause for Larry Love. Let's bring him out!"

"Then I'd come out and do a number," the Canary recalled some years later. "I remember ope ng in October of '58, and at one of my first shows, I remember coming out and singing 'Till the End of Time,' and after I finished and was taking a bow, I'll never forge this lady who was standing next to the stage go '*tsk-tsk-tsk*' and say to her friend, '*Oh, such sad things in this world*'. . . ."

Ten years later, Larry Love, alias Julian Foxglove, alias Derry Dover, alias Herbert Khaury, alias Tiny Tim, threw back his head and laughed and laughed. His hair is no shorter, his cheeks are just as pale, and his voice still wavers in the upper registers. The difference is that now he earns $5000 a concert for singing, has an album out—*God Bless Tiny Tim*—and has done guest spots on the Johnny Carson Show, the Merv Griffin Show and the Rowan and Martin "Laugh-In." Time and Newsweek have both done feature stories on him, and a few months ago, Beatle George Harrison sent him a telegram that said simply, "You are a gas." And then John Lennon invited him to appear at Albert Hall in September. The shy star of Tiny Tim is rising at last.

by Stephen Schneck

Illustration by Dugald Stermer

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WE SAT IN HIS AGENTS' Beverly Hills office and talked while telephones rang and personal managers scurried about making arrangements, dealing, conferring and keeping an eye on Tiny. Piranha fish swam about in tanks set into the wall.

"Tiny," one of the agents called from the other side of the spacious room, "I hate to interrupt you, Tiny, but I've a gal from one of the Cleveland papers on long distance. She has a few questions she'd like you to answer."

"O I'd be happy to," said Tiny. He started to get up, but the agent waved him back. "You stay right there. I'll bring you the phone." The telephone jack was under one of the fish tanks. Tiny settled back in his chair while the agent plugged a phone in and handed him the receiver. The green light from the tanks bathed Tiny's clown-white face in a curious hue, and the piranha fish swimming back and forth threw dark shadows across his forehead and cheeks.

There is an historical precedent dictating that when an empire is passing, the population invariably turns to circuses and other spectacles of the bizarre, to assuage its own sense of estrangement from the declining order. The amusements and diversions continually grow more spectacular, longer lasting and more fascinating, hypnologically speaking, and much of this fascination is artificially created, for the basest reasons, by interested parties such as the Hollywood agents in whose offices I interviewed the latest phenomenon in the performing arts.

This Tiny Tim person is an elongated man, neither old nor young nor middle-aged, his face covered with clown-white make-up like an actress in the Kabuki theatre. His particular genius lies in his ability to reproduce famous voices singing the old music hall masterpieces or early popular Victrola voices singing songs your mother's mother used to sing. An oddball in a profession of the oddest balls in town, he has enjoyed an underground reputation for years. Only recently, however, has he emerged from the private tape sessions, the obscure, slightly offbeat nightclubs and coffee houses, to take his place in the consciousness of America—a nation that takes its entertainment very seriously indeed. This country's performers have more than just their amusement value going for them; they not only reflect our life styles, they also *influence* these life styles and therefore must be taken very seriously. A new star-entertainer is automatically, axiomatically, a noteworthy personage.

"O I used to sing everywhere," Tiny was telling the reporter who had called from Cleveland. "I sang in legit places and I sang in the streets, sometimes I sang in subway cars, and I sang for old folks' homes and hospitals, and once I sang for the girls in a prison up in Ossining, New York. O, I'll never forget that. It was one of the greatest thrills I ever received—especially, you know, because there were a lot of girls there. That's the big thrill for me. If the girls like me, I'll never complain. . . ." The reporter said something and Tiny answered, "O I don't care, they can rip my hair off, and I won't complain. Just so long as I know that they like me. . . ."

It was difficult to imagine, but impossible not to believe him. He really did care about the girls liking him. The long, tortured, chalk-white face; the speaking voice that quavered and the *impassioned* gestures, the fingers fluttering; all the superficial accouterments of homosexuality—yet there was no doubting Tiny Tim's deep affection for the ladies. In fact, there was no doubting Tiny Tim. He is what he appears to be; and whatever that is, it is the only one of its kind.

"My diet," Tiny Tim announced into the receiver, suddenly anxious. "This is something I want to set the record straight about, because I wouldn't want it to come out later, and have all my friends and fans say I didn't tell them." He wouldn't want *anyone* to be misled. Even though he is almost wholly make-believe, from the songs he sings to the voices he sings them in, he was insistent upon the hard facts of his special diet.

"All right, now it's true that usually I eat a lot of seeds in my diet, *but I will change occasionally*. You know you can eat too many seeds. It gets too bulky. But basically, I have one main diet and here it is: first, I put raw wheat germ in the dish, then I put sunflower seeds on top of that, then I put pumpkin seeds on top of the sunflower seeds, and on top of all that I put honey. . . ." He paused to permit the reporter to write it all down, carefully, exactly. "So, in other words, the honey seeps through the pumpkin seeds, the sunflower seeds, and the raw wheat germ on the bottom. All right now, *when I can get it*, I use a special kind of honey. It's called Peak's Tupelo Honey— P-e-a-k-s, that's right. It's very dark, this honey, but it tastes divinely, and it's made from unsprayed tree blossoms, and believe me you can't get it in too many places. So if you happen to see a jar of Peak's Honey in a store somewhere, listen to me, grab it!"

THERE ARE ANGELS, INNOCENTS, and persons of natural purity who live among us, walk the same vile streets that we walk, eat the same poisoned, synthetic foods we eat, breathe the same stinking air, and yet they remain unsullied, uncorrupted, pure spirits whose thoughts and deeds are always kind, for there is no hostility in them; they dwell in places above and beyond reproach in temples of the dream, in make-believe towers, in holy hermit caves. They are in a perpetual state of grace. Idiots, saints, gentle lunatics and certain others are included in this category.

Tiny Tim is too smart to be an idiot, too creative to be a saint, hardly a lunatic; he is one of the certain others. I would describe him as a haunted house. He is inhabited by the ghosts of crooners in bow ties, swooner-crooners in straw hats, ghostly song and dance men; golden tenors, romantic baritones and light sopranos dwell in his heart; their distant voices possess his soul. He is not unaware of this peculiar situation. He reserves his deepest affections for the sweet sounds, the lyrical, over-romanticized, charming past. It is never completely absent from Tiny Tim.

"Talking about Cleveland," Tiny was saying, still on the phone, "I have a song called 'My Ohio Home,' which I hope to do for you one day. Well, the man who wrote it—actually, there were two men who wrote it—but the man who made it famous, in 1929, was Mr. Nick Lucas. Now he made the song famous not only on the Brunswick label, but he also sang it in a picture called 'The Gold Diggers of Broadway,' which happened to be the first technicolor motion picture, you know. But anyway, I had such a thrill when I met Mr. Lucas about two weeks ago. Yes. He came to my hotel to pay his respects, and he said, 'Tiny, I just can't thank you enough for mentioning my name on the Johnny Carson Show.' And I said to him, Mr. Lucas, thank you but I want you to know that I believe that, even when the artists are dead, people should know who they are, so that even if they're dead, they can still get credit. . . ." Only from Tiny Tim can you get credit in

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heaven, as well as mention on earth. . . .

When Tiny Tim sings songs in the style of Gene Austin, Russ Columbo, Ruth Etting, Al Jolson or Nick Lucas, he isn't *impersonating* those singers; his reproduction is of another order entirely. Those forgotten voices are revived in him, they inhabit him: he is a medium, if you like. Or a halfway house by the side of the road, visited by those beloved voices in transit from the glorious past to the distant future. "Do you hear their voices?" I asked him.

"O my goodness, bless you!" he said. "Yes of course I hear them singing. And I tell you, something so exciting is happening. I can't really explain how I feel. But I thank God for opening my ears to the music all around me. I've never thought of myself as a singer, you know. I'm primarily a songwriter, but I suppose it isn't important what you think you are. What's important is what you are. Yes—that's more important even than what other people think you are. Yes . . ." Tiny gave his carefully considered opinion. "But—and this was my problem for years—until 1954, I didn't really know who I was or what I did so well. You see, I always knew in my heart that I was very good, very special at something. It was a problem discovering at what. But I knew that I could do *something*—something with music. So for years and years that's mostly what I did. You know, search for myself, for my talent. That's why I sang in those places, those junky, old-fashioned night clubs, and on radio, in the amateur hour contests that were so popular then."

"When was that?"

Tiny Tim smiled shyly. He suddenly looked like a very young boy, sixteen years old, and I didn't have the heart to press the question.

And Tiny didn't even try to answer, but went right on explaining how he happened to come across himself about 14 years ago: ". . . yes, back in 1954, I let my hair grow long and that was the beginning. . . . I kept singing. . . . I kept entering those amateur hours. . . . You understand how important it is to have a live audience, especially when you're trying to discover what the fans like and what they don't like. I don't know how many times I appeared in front of a studio audience, and it wasn't easy, believe me. I'd sing a couple of bars and they'd start whistling and stamping their feet and yelling, *'Get him off! Get him off!'* " Tiny's hands fluttered in midair, trying to grab on to something. Those were hard times; I could see that even now, years later.

"So you can imagine my feelings. I felt like there was a jinx on me. And there was, there definitely was."

"A jinx on you?"

"Well, it was something . . . something supernatural. Maybe not a jinx, but it was definitely supernatural. I mean, so many times at bat and not a single hit."

"So what did you do, I mean, if it was supernatural?" At that point I was pretty sure that Mister Tim was not kidding me, but I wasn't so positive that he wasn't kidding himself. "What did you do to fight this supernatural force?"

Tiny Tim smiled his pure, sweet smile and said simply, "Why, I prayed to God to help me out. 'Lord,' I prayed, 'I'm in a clutch situation, top of the ninth and two out,' so to speak, because I wasn't getting any younger, you know." (He must be at least thirty-five or forty years old, though he wouldn't confirm or deny it.)

Tiny talks about everything—everything important, that is—in terms of baseball. He is an ardent Dodger fan.

"Anyway, there I was in my bedroom one night back in 1954, on my knees praying to God for some help, or at least for some information as to what I should do, because I didn't want to go on forever like this, getting booed and hissed every time I got on stage. And besides, my poor sweet mother was working so hard, every day she worked in the garment center as a sample maker, sitting all day behind a machine in a hot, sweaty place. And my poor dear father, it's a miracle that he's alive today, because he had all of it on his shoulders, and he had to work so hard too, and nothing seemed to work out for him, even though he is such a smart man.

"You know, we were really poor. Lots of times we had to live on welfare. And you can imagine, we lived in a poor neighborhood, and I had this long hair and wore make-up, and what a scene just to take a walk around the block. Everybody staring—once when I took a walk with my father, a man came up to us and said to my father, 'If I had a son like that, I'd take a gun and shoot him.' " Tiny shook his head and his long locks rippled. "My poor parents, they died inwardly a hundred times a day." (His dear father eventually told him, "You'll never get anywhere singing in that sissy voice." And his dear mother advised him to cut his hair and get a job.)

But what about God? "Did your praying have anything to do with your changing your style? Did He suggest you sing those old favorites?" I asked him.

"Well," Tiny said doubtfully, "you just never know, do you? I mean the hand of the good Lord, or my mother's prayers. I mean, around that time, a friend gave me some of Mister Irving Kaufman's records, and I started coming across records of the other wonderful early crooners. And somebody happened to mention to me that I sounded like Mister Rudy Vallee, and gave me some of his records on the Victor label that he'd made in '29. So pretty soon I had this idea. I started practicing singing in his style, because I knew how very popular he'd been—all the beautiful girls swooning the minute he opened his mouth to sing. He has this very light and easy way of singing, you know. And so I tried that, singing like that. . . ." Behind Tiny, a piranha hung motionless, suspended in the green water of the fish tank, staring at him, apparently incredulous. "I sang in the style Mister Vallee made popular, and *it thrilled me*. Really, I got chills when I sang like that. . . .

" BOUT MY AGE," Tiny Tim told the reporter at the other end of the long distance wire, "I'm certainly not trying to hide anything but I don't say how old I am because I like to believe that I'll always be sixteen. But of course I've been singing professionally for at least 20 years. I mean, I know I'm living in a dream world, but I'm happy here. And anybody who really wants to know how old I am, actually, well when Mister Broadhead from Time magazine came over and tried to find out my age, I wouldn't tell him but what I did was give him the names of some people and whatever age they say I am, he can believe. But I'm not going to say, because I want to feel young . . . . O that's very nice of you to say . . . thank you. . . . Thank you very much. . . . Well now, please give my love to everyone in Cleveland. Thank you for calling. Goodbye." He hung up and one of the agents came over and unplugged the telephone. The piranha blinked and swam away.

"Sorry about the interruption," the agent said. "You go

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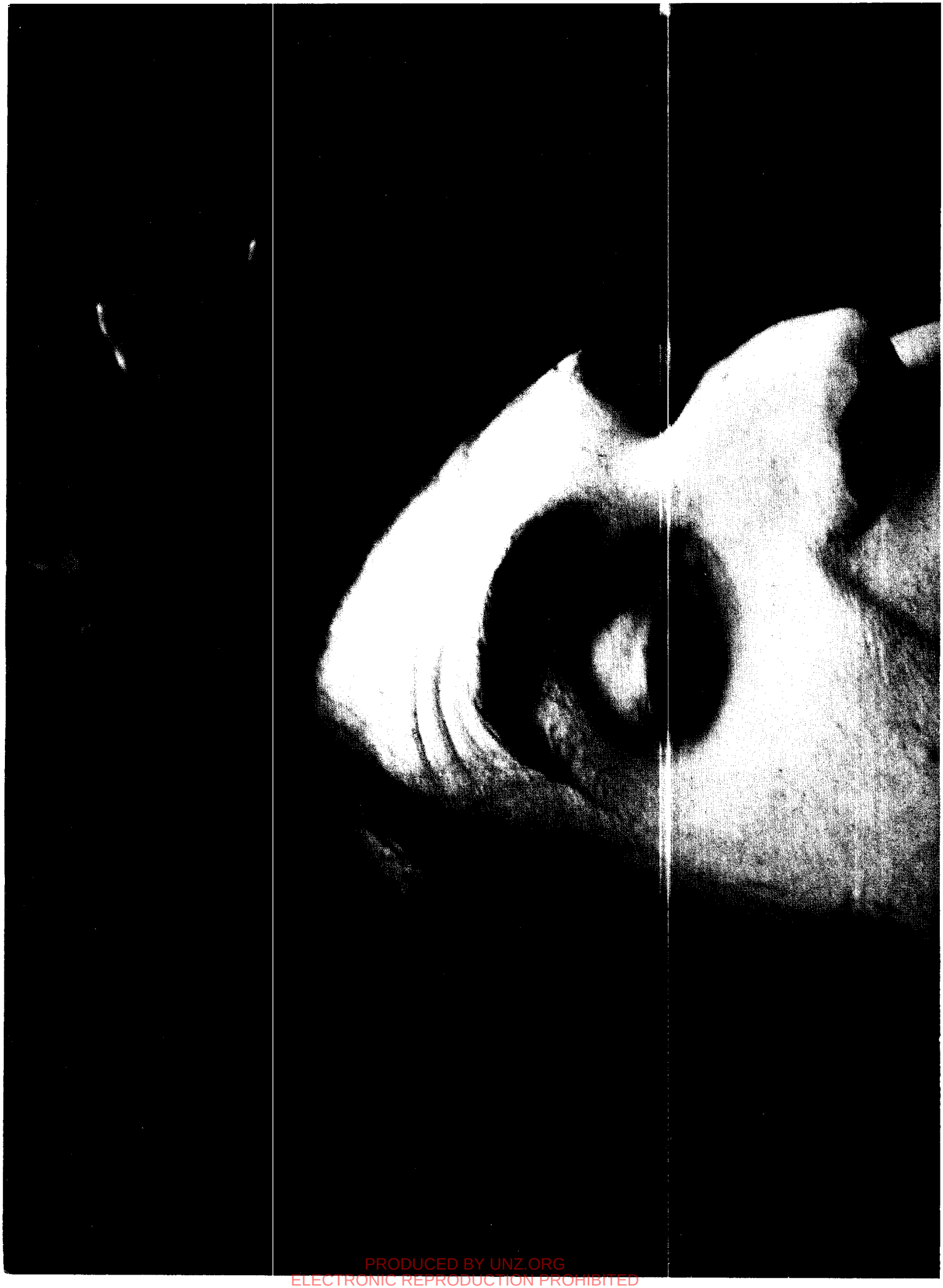

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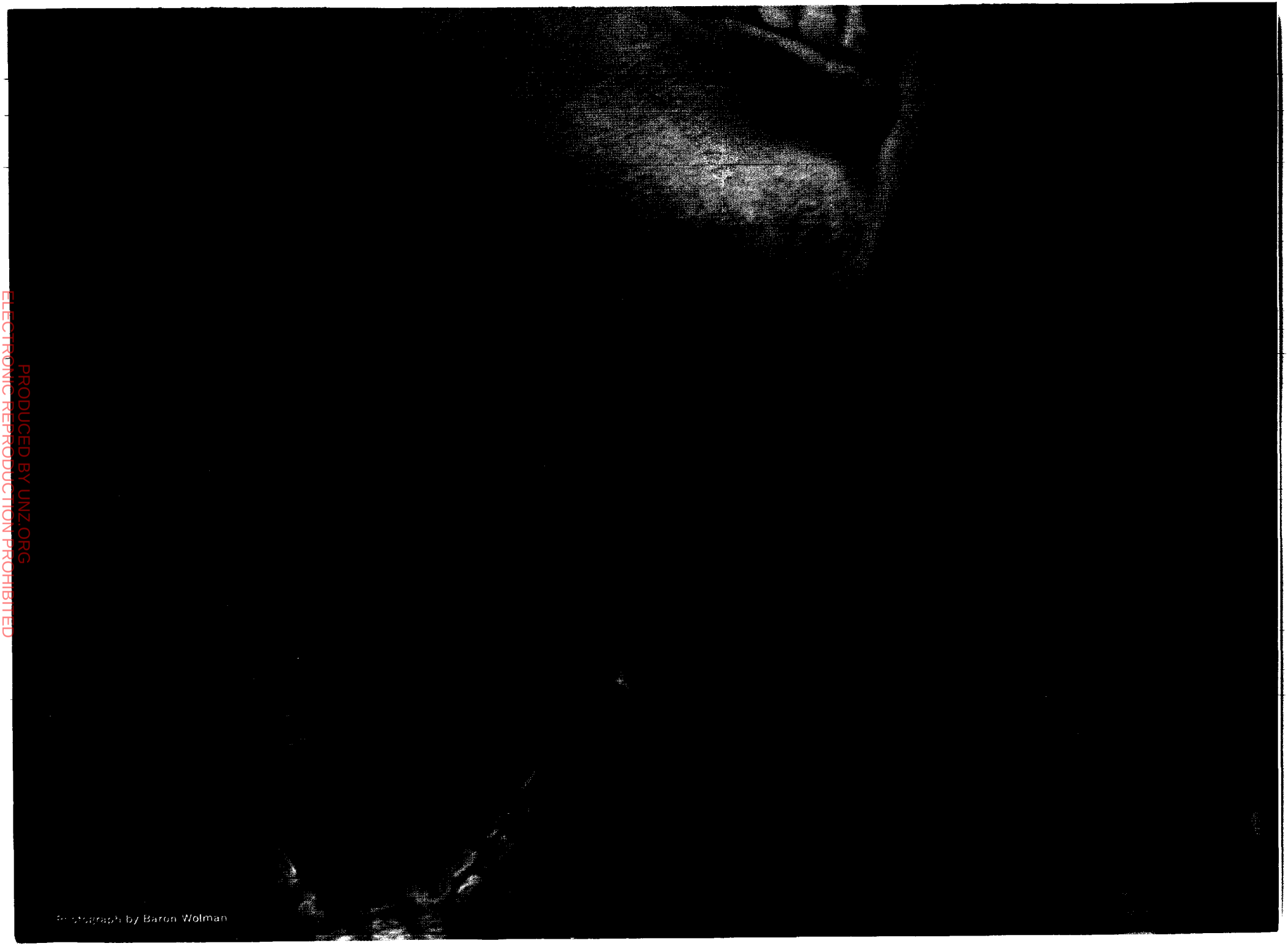

Photograph by Baron Wolman

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ahead with your interview now, and we'll try not to interrupt you again."

I protested that it hadn't been an interruption, actually it was part of the interview. "I'd much rather just get an opportunity to watch a person doing his thing, taking care of business, than stick to the usual interview."

The agent regarded me carefully. "Interviews are not Tiny's thing, they are *our* thing." He set the record straight—God forbid anyone should think Tiny Tim cared about publicity. The agent wanted Tiny's image pure. He needn't have worried.

"Whoever's thing interviews are," said I, trying to bridge the gap, "Tiny sure is good on the phone. That long distance interview was very nicely done."

Tiny turned his chair around so that we were facing each other. "I love talking on the telephone," he said. "I think that the telephone is a simply marvelous instrument. I can get a thrill just from listening to a voice on the phone—I mean, really, it's almost a romantic passion with me."

There are certain pertinent issues that every competent interviewer must touch on. There are certain vital questions that he may not ask but must somehow find the answers to. In Tiny Tim's case, there are thousands of people, maybe tens of thousands even, who want to know: 1) Is he insane? 2) Is he queer? and 3) Is he a plastic put-on, created by agents and producers to exploit the public's predilection for freaks? I am prepared to answer these questions with candor and with confidence that there is nothing but truth in everything.

First of all, the really insane are helpless. Tiny Tim is not helpless. He can sing and strum the ukulele and go to the ball game and dress himself and shop for old phonograph records. He is functionally sane.

Second question: Is he queer? Answer: As queer as they come. A truly strange soul, a queer bird, an oddball, a funny fish—very queer. But—is he a faggot? He is not. According to the classic definition of a homosexual, Tiny Tim is not a homosexual. Neither is he a transvestite, a cross-dresser, a double-sexed creature of dark, queer passions. His passions, as previously noted, are directed at baseball, hockey, talking on the telephone, old Rudy Vallee phonograph records, Peak's Tupelo Honey and—the ladies. We'll go on to that item after we dispose of the final fundamental question, 3) Is Tiny Tim a fraudulent creation of the Industry?

Anyone who is paid for projecting his public image, any celebrity, is, *ipso facto*, a fraud to the degree that his public life differs from his private life and the person he portrays from the personality he is. According to this definition of a fraud, the best celebrities are the biggest fakes. But though Tiny Tim is among the best, he is no fake. Or, look at it this way: there are three classifications of fakes—there are the *fake fakes*, that is, common liars and deceivers. Then there are the *real fakes*, the ones who are faking out front, like stage villains and movie tough guys. Tiny Tim belongs in neither group. But then we have, thank God, our *real fake reals*, and these are the *authentics*. Tiny Tim is an authentic. I can assure one and all, Tiny Tim is for real. And the real is as real as it gets.

Dear me, who can really comprehend the simple truth? For that matter, who can comprehend the simple anything? Simplicity is a doubtful state, a suspicious absence of complexity in a world where Yes and No mean nothing but the end of imagination. And Tiny Tim is simplicity embodied. And it can be so complicated. . . .

HOPELESS ROMANTIC—HOPELESS. Tiny Tim was telling me about this girl who was having terrible problems with her boyfriend: "So I let her go on and on about how badly this boy treated her, and how much she loved him, and all that. Finally I told her, 'Well that is what you get for investing unwisely.' "

Tiny pursed his lips and went on like somebody's stern but loving mother, giving good advice to young ladies. "Now before you go with a man, you should ask yourself, you should always find out, is he going to be true to you? Is he going to work for you, or is he lazy? Because I happen to believe that it is every man's duty to work, and a woman's place is in the home. That's what I told her, and then I sang her this Irving Kaufman number that he wrote in 1922." He picked up his ukulele, strummed a few saccharine bars and sang sweetly:

She's only a gi-rl that men for-get
Why sh-ould she have to pay?
And who is to bl-ame if her head ha-ngs in sh-ame?
It's a man, ev-erytime, it's a man . . .

Then, laying down the uke, he said, "So you see, while there are songs for every heartache, the trick is in knowing when to sing them. And how to sing them, that's important too. Now with some girls I would have used a Rudy Vallee style. . . ."

"Why don't you use your own style?" I asked, and he answered me a little sadly, very gently, as though I were a young lady who didn't quite understand.

"But you see, that *is* my own style. These voices that I sing in, they are within me. They are inside me. . . . So even if they are not my own voices, they are mine, because they come from inside me, not from without. . . ."

One can easily understand why the ladies are so fond of him. He has this curiously old-fashioned air, this courtly, gallant way of expressing himself, the cliché rescued by sincerity. I decided to ask him a real question: "Tiny, do you like women?"

"O yes. Why everything I do, I do for women. In fact, there are only three reasons why I sing, and the third reason, and perhaps the most important one, is because of all the lovely women who with their beauty, cause my heart to overflow with joy. Mister Schneck, I like women very much."

Next question. "What is it about women that you like?"

"I say this to you with the greatest reverence." He spoke without a hint of self-consciousness or a taint of mockery. "I tell you that beautiful women create in me such a fantastic passion—not lust, or anything like that. But just to look at them, to be with them, and to praise the good Lord for his blessings . . . especially when they are youthful. These beautiful angels who are so young, so beautiful and so innocent. This is to me the essence of life." He looked at me to see if I'd understood him. I think I did. "Now what gets me, and I say this most humbly, is when men treat women as though they were . . . well, instruments for the night. When this happens, the essence of romance is lost. To me, a beautiful woman is like a star in baseball's Hall of Fame. She's with me forever, enshrined. I never forget a beautiful girl whom I've loved—never!

"For example, in 1945, I was in love with Miss Ann Hess. In 1940, Miss Marlene Barnett. No, wait—that was in 1946. In 1949, it was Miss Carmen Quintero, and in 1948, Miss Geraldine Cominsky." Tiny closed his eyes. Across the office, one of the telephones began buzzing. Someone answered it.

Tiny continued to reminisce: "In 1943, there was Miss Audrie and Miss Dottie Dash. All those women live today, and

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everything that they gave me is stronger and purer. Whether it is Miss Catherine, or Miss Linda, or Miss Corky or Miss Cleo—these women are in my soul *now* as they were *then*. And each and every one of them has, in my mind, a song that is their song, and whenever I hear that song, I can't help remembering the girl that went with it.

"Of course, it's usually ballads that I associate with women I've loved, but believe me, sometimes even novelty tunes can be very romantic. . . . Just for an example, there's a song that will always make me think of dear Miss Audrie Dash. . . .

I've got spurs that jing-le, jang-le
jing-le
As I go ri-ding mer-rrily along. . . .

Tiny went on about his women. "Each year I give a trophy to the most beautiful girl of that year. Like last year I had the trophy inscribed: 'To Miss Cleo, The Most Beautiful Girl I Met In 1967.' And the year before that, I gave one to Miss Corky, and hers read, 'To Miss Corky, Fate Left Me Sighing, Sighing For You In 1966.' "

"That's very pretty."

"O, do you know the song? I sang it to Miss Corky when I gave her the trophy. In the Henry Burr style. . . .

Li-fe seemed to me, like a lo-ng win-ter's day.
Jo-oys like the leaves had all van-ish-ed a-way
Go-ne from me are the sum-mer skies blue
Ca-me aut-umn sad-ness, for love br-ought
me you. . . . Each ni-ght I'm
dream-ing, your face so trueeeeee
Fa-te left me sigh-ing, sigh-ing for youuuuuuu.

"Tiny," the agent who'd answered the phone called out, "sorry to bother you again but I've got station KLEC on the wire. I told them you'd do a couple of promos. . . ."

Tiny Tim leaned forward and said, dropping his voice out of respect, "I dedicated that song to Miss Corky and last year her beautiful face was in the car beside me when I gave her the trophy and told her this, and tears came to her lovely eyes, and I said, 'Miss Corky, don't thank me, *thank Henry Burr. . . .*'

" ELLO MY DEAR FRIENDS. This is Tiny Tim saying, Hello my dear friends. I'm singing (tra-la-la) because I'm so happy to be on Station KLEC. . . ."

Tiny Tim ran through the "promo"—a promotional bit that was being recorded for broadcast at intervals during the next week to advertise a radio show that he would be appearing on. After he finished he returned to promo-ing me, which was perfectly all right because that's what I was there for.

"Why do you wear that clown-white make-up when you aren't on stage?" I asked him.

"I've always kept my face lily-white," he told me, "because wherever I went, everywhere that I go, on stage, in the street, I have women in my heart. I feel like I am with them in a paradise of gardens. . . . If I'm taking a walk somewhere and a beautiful woman looks at me and smiles, well, it is a thrill as far as I'm concerned. I am thrilled—even if she is laughing at me, still I feel so thrilled, just because I've pleased her. I know I've caught her attention and that she likes me, for whatever reason. And that is the reason I wear this make-up. I used to wear even a heavier shade, but I've found that this one that I'm wearing now is the most attractive. Mr. Gordon, my agent, and I spent an hour, at least, at the Elizabeth Arden salon trying to find the right sort of white. I wanted a really ghastly white shade but this is the closest we could come to it. . . ."

Well, if you look at it that way, he does accomplish what he sets out to; the white face is not only startling but curiously touching, simultaneously gay and sad, like a clown away from the circus, singing in the public streets with his clown face and his loving clown heart.

"*Tiny Tim, you wear make-up to be attractive to women!*" I felt as though I had stumbled upon a great secret, something very important.

"I'll tell you the truth," he said. "I don't think that it has so much attraction over a woman as it does over me. You see, it brings to me at least, the feeling of innocence, lily-white innocence. Now a darker shade would be more masculine. But don't get me wrong now. To talk in a tough husky voice is not my idea of what makes a man. I believe that gentility and sensitivity are also important. The gentility of a flower—or better, even, of a lamb. That's one of the reasons I wear white make-up, because I love lambs so. . . ."

"Tiny," the telephone agent called out on cue; he had no call for Tiny this time, he was just keeping his ears open. He obviously didn't want Tiny to start talking about lambs. The agent left his post by the phone and sort of sidled up to us.

"Yes, I think that lambs are so beautiful," continued Tiny. "And I love lions also. Lions and lambs are my favorite animals. I think the lion is a *very* exciting beast, you know. And I just wish that I could be friendly with lions so that I could embrace them. But of course that is too dangerous. After all, at heart they are still wild animals," he said in such a way as to convince one that he really had embraced lions.

"Listen, without embracing a lion, it is already tough enough to make the grade in show business. It's a pretty rough profession." Tiny Tim talks like a professional. "Believe me, it is rough enough to make it, period. And to make it in the entertainment world, double period. It's impossible to do, impossible to make it if you're against yourself, you know. It can't be done. People look at you and say, '*Who is that freak? Even if he is a good freak, can you imagine putting something like that thing on stage?*' That's what I had to go through. I figure that it was maybe a two-million-to-one shot. So what can I say? Thank God for long shots."

"We're not home yet," the telephone agent commented in a loud stage whisper. He was still up-tight about the lambs. He was worried about his property, Tiny Tim, and Tiny's salable image. It was all right to be far out, but not so far that he wasn't in the game. A nut is sometimes a good investment, but he has to be watched, he has to be limited.

Warner Brothers owns Tiny's contract. They figure that Tiny will gross about half a million dollars this year, his first big year. Last year he made well under five thousand. But now he has all this publicity and television going for him. His album is selling around 30,000 copies a week.

Tiny seemed to sense his agent's concern and immediately launched into this story of how he'd signed with that agency. "And when I signed, then Mister Silver, one of the agents, told me, 'All right, now we're managing you and we want to give you a little mystique, so you're not to go anywhere while you're out here in L.A. You stay in your room and if you get any visitors, let them come over to your place, see.' "

"Tiny." Another agent entered the room carrying a sheaf

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of papers. "Pardon me for interrupting your interview but I need your signature on these pictures. We're going to have a facsimile made and that's what we'll use when we're answering your fan mail. Now Tiny, I want you to take off your jacket and sit down at that desk and sign your name and write a couple of lines, whatever you want to say. But bear in mind, you can't say a lot. Some of these autographs you've been giving out, they're practically essays. So decide what you're going to write, and then I want you to write it in your best handwriting. Okay?"

"Well, I don't know." Tiny was suddenly not happy. "I don't like a rubber stamp. I mean I feel like I'd be cheating my fans. . . ."

"TINY." THE VOICE OF REASON led him to the kidney-shaped desk. "Now listen to me, Tiny. We're getting thousands of requests for your autograph. You can't sign thousands of pictures, it can't be done. So we're going to do what we do with all our clients, *and it's not a rubber stamp*. Get Tiny one of those Cosby signatures from my desk," he asked one of the younger agents. "Here Tiny, now I want you to make a few practice signatures. It should be as much your handwriting as anything you sign, but I want it a little less scraggly than usual. You know what I mean? Now, what are you going to say? You have a little comment to write in above your signature?"

Tiny thought for a while. Finally he started practicing on a scratch pad. "I want to say, *My best to you always*."

"You don't want to write, 'God bless you' or anything like that?"

"O my God no."

"How about, 'God bless us one and all'? That's from Dickens' Tiny Tim in the *Christmas Carol*. You like that, Tiny?"

Tiny shakes his head and goes on practicing his signature. The youngest agent returns with a glossy eight-by-ten photo of Bill Cosby. This he puts down on the desk in front of Tiny.

"Look at that," says the man who is making him sign his name. "It looks exactly like Cosby's personal handwriting, doesn't it?" Tiny nodded but didn't look very happy yet. "Run your finger over it, Tiny. Go ahead. See, it even feels like handwriting. A wonderful process. See how good it feels." Tiny nods unenthusiastically. He will *sign* his name.

"You were up late last night, weren't you?" the agent said slyly. "How late did you stay up?"

"O I don't know. Around two, two-thirty, I guess."

"How late?"

"Maybe 'till three."

"How late? What if I said four o'clock in the morning? What would you say then?"

"I'd say my watch is wrong. Maybe I'd better get it fixed." Tiny stood up. He was several inches taller than the agent, but seemed much frailer.

"You had a bongo drummer up in your room, didn't you?"

"My God!" Tiny shook his head in amazement. "How did you know?"

The agent just winked. Then he asked, "And how many girls?"

"Ah . . . three." Tiny edged around the agent and got back into his chair near the piranha fish.

"Three chicks and a bongo drum player." The agent wagged a finger. "No wonder you can't sign your name this morning." Then he winked. "A regular orgy you had last night."

Tiny looked aghast. He sputtered. He shook his head. His agent laughed. "I'm kidding you, Tiny, for Christ sake. Now listen, there's one more thing before I go. I want to lay out the itinerary for you. Tomorrow afternoon you and Harold will fly to New York. Harold will call for you at your hotel at noon. Now on Sunday, Richard will pick you up around one. . . ."

"Well, I have to see my parents when we get there," said Tiny Tim.

"Sure, of course you'll see them. A car will take you from the airport to the hotel. Then in the evening, we'll drop by with the car and take you over to your folks' house. We'll stop in and say hello to them, and I'll explain that you've got to be up early Monday morning to tape the Johnny Carson Show. But I want you to remember, in case I forget, I want you to remember to pick up the jacket that your mother had retailored for you. You'll need the other jacket—will you remember?" Tiny nodded. "All right," continued the agent, "you have this interview and I'm leaving now and I'll speak to you later in the day. And if you want me I'll be home bathing my dog." He stopped on his way through the door.

"On Sunday, I'll pick you and Richard up at the airport and take you to the hotel where you can change and shower. Then we eat dinner, and then we drive over to your parents'. How does that sound to you?"

"I'll take a shower before we leave here," Tiny decided.

"You don't want to shower at the hotel?"

"O sure. I'll take another shower when we get there." The agent was about to leave when Tiny called him back. "If you're going to be gone, could I have some money?"

"I'm giving the money to Richard. What's the matter, you want me to give it to you instead?"

Tiny shifted uncomfortably in the chair. "Well, you see I owe somebody some money."

"Who? How much?"

"I owe five dollars to my friend. . . ."

"The bongo drum player?" Tiny nodded. "How much you want altogether?"

"Could I get, say, ten dollars?"

"All right, I'll tell the bookkeeper to give you ten bucks from the petty cash."

"I REMEMBER THE OLD PHONOGRAPH records from when I was only five or six years old. Do you know, I could actually smell those records. I'd put my nose down there on the record and I still do, now that I listen to them again. You know, there's a fascination that comes from not only hearing but from smelling those wonderful old songs by the Murrays and Fields and the Kaufmans and the Joneses. And there is a thrill that I get when I look at the old black and gold Victor label. I love that picture of the dog and the old-fashioned Victrola. There is such a feeling between the sounds and the smell and the picture . . . and there's a real attraction between the horn on that old Victrola and the dog sitting there listening to his master's voice. It is a living thing to me, that label. . . ."

Old Victrolas and old phonograph records, beautiful young girls and busy, strong-willed agents, interviews and guest appearances and five bucks borrowed from a bongo drummer,

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and Tiny Tim plucking the strings of his ukulele, dedicating songs to girls—songs that were written and sung and forgotten before the girls were born. Freaks, geeks, seed eaters, nocturnal vaudeville and day-and-night baseball—what is the country coming to? Phantoms and gentle souls and little crumbs of happiness, tiny joys and sweethearts walking hand in hand down memory lane. While Tiny Tim carries his ukulele from stage to hotel room to agents' office to airplane to television studio to gardens of sentiment, gardens of innocence. . . .

He used to carry his ukulele in a brown paper sack, explaining (if anyone asked) that his dear father gave him the paper sack to keep his ukulele in and that it worked just fine, thank you; it kept the dust off his battered instrument, and it wasn't so fancy that someone would steal it. But eventually the paper sack that his dear father gave him wore out. Then, somewhere, someone presented him with a regular ukulele case, just as battered and scarred as his old uke, so they went together nicely. Across the top of the case is a sticker with blue letters printed on a white background, spelling out "SOUL." Lovely touch, that. But then you realize that it wasn't Tiny Tim who stuck such a label on his container but a friend, an agent, a fan or a fellow performer. And it makes one wonder what else has been mislabeled, what else is something other than what it claims to be?

". . . It's very strange, not like what it seems." Tiny Tim was telling me about his love life. "You see, sometimes I picture myself in a garden with all the beautiful girls I have known, those lovely girls, all of them, there could be one or there could be twenty, it doesn't matter because to me they are like flowers, you can't have too many. Not in a garden where they never grow old—and . . . and another thing, if you don't mind my mentioning it. . . ." He dropped his voice and leaned forward. "About s-e-x,"—he spelled it out, for he is too refined to pronounce such a blank, ugly, misnomer—"Well you must understand that I've never believed in s-e-x until marriage . . . and I can't get married."

(Of course Tiny Tim can't marry. He is only part in this world; the other parts of him are elsewhere, in dream gardens or in the ether, humming sweet music in heaven, or on subway cars under Manhattan. No, Tiny Tim cannot marry.)

"However, I do like to be playful with them. Now please," he spoke seriously, "this is very important, and it shouldn't be taken out of context, so let me describe what I mean by being playful. I mean it only in the sense like we're roaming among the flowers. In other words, most men have these *affairs* to . . . well to have a *kick* or to *relieve* themselves, but not this man. Never! In fact, that's why . . . well, just say that I never even cared for *that* . . . because those things weaken you and end your romances. And that's why I can be with one beautiful girl or with twenty beautiful girls for hours and hours and never get tired. Because"—Tiny Tim's strangely attractive, tortured, chalk-white face took on a radiance—"I never get tired out by beautiful girls because all I do with them is enjoy the ecstasy of the moment, you see . . .?"

Yes, I think I did see: Tiny Tim's trick is never to expire.

"You must be very popular with the ladies, Tiny. You must meet a lot of beautiful young girls who are only too happy to romp among the flowers with someone like yourself." (Only there isn't anyone *like* Tiny Tim, so he must be the one.)

"Yes I do," he said happily. "They're very nice to listen to all these sentimental songs.

"Now when I tell these young girls who I meet, and a lot of them are running away from home, and they come to me and we have these chats, well I tell them, 'Young girls, don't run away from home, because if things don't go right with mother, they ain't going to go right with anyone.' " Tiny Tim tripped out, and in flight from the previous topic, s-e-x, he turned to that glittering exit, that drastic shift from talking to performing. He was performing when he sang, and he was performing when he announced to me the advice he gives to runaway young girls. "I tell them, 'You got to listen to what mother says,' and then I sing this song, which Henry Burr sang back in 1916. . . .

Like a ba-by be-lieves in the sand-man, with a faith
that we can't un-der-stand
Like a re-al pal believes in a comrade wi-th a
friendship that's la-sting and true
Like my da-ddy be-lieved in my mo-ther
That's how I be-lieve in youuuuuuuuu.

WHEN BACKED INTO A CORNER of his dream world, Tiny Tim usually sings his way out. Plunkety-plunk on his ukulele, and a moral tag line, suitable for framing, addressed to runaway girls of all genders and sexes. Lest you think I mock his message, I must mention that two weeks after my interview with Tiny, in a city 500 miles away, I was having a chat with a young runaway girl who was looking through my records for something to play. ("Music's so sweet, don't you think," she said, I swear.) Coming across my album of *God Bless Tiny Tim*, she exclaimed, "Oh, when I listen to that album, it makes me feel good. It just makes me feel happy."

He seems to make a lot of people feel good, whatever that means. You must listen to him yourself if you want to know if he is as good as advertised. All I know is that when I listened to his album, yes, I "felt good" too.

So I thanked him for his time, and I thanked as many of his agents as I found in the office and I packed up my camera and recorder. As I was leaving, I noticed that there was a dead piranha floating on top of the water in the fish tank, and I wondered aloud how they were going to get it out since the other 20 or 30 piranhas were all alive and just waiting for someone to stick a finger into their territory.

"That's what I wonder too," said the telephone agent.

On my way out, Tiny thanked me and told me that he'd enjoyed talking to me and that he was sure I would do a wonderful interview. "I have a lot of respect for the printed word," Tiny Tim said.

Two days later in New York, on the Johnny Carson Show, he was asked how he felt about an article on him that had been printed in Newsweek.

"O I loved the article," Tiny told the audience-at-large. "I love all the things that they write about me . . . you never know what they're going to say." He paused, and in an undertone that cut through all the chatter, added, "Sure is filthy ink."

Sure is, Mister Tim. It sure is. And your saying so brings to mind the only worthwhile advice my own dear father ever gave me.

"Don't kid the kidders," said my old man.

I wouldn't kid you, Tiny Tim.

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Assassination Raga

by Lawrence Ferlinghetti

Tune in to a raga
on the stereo
and turn on Death TV
without its sound
Outside the plums are growing in a tree
'The force that through the green fuse
drives the flower'
drives Death TV
'A grief ago'
They lower the body soundlessly
into a huge plane in Dallas
into a huge plane in Los Angeles
marked 'United States of America'
and soundlessly
the 'United States of America'
takes off
& wings away with that Body
Tune out the TV sound

Michael McClure (left), Lawrence Ferlinghetti (center) and Allen Ginsberg (right) on stage at San Francisco's Nourse Auditorium for the Incredible Poetry Reading, held in celebration of the 10th anniversary of the San Francisco Renaissance, June 8, 1968. Accompanying himself on the sitar, Ferlinghetti read his "Assassination Raga" for the first time that evening. It had been completed a few hours earlier, as the poet watched Senator Kennedy's funeral on television.

Photograph by Beth Bagby

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& listen soundlessly
to the blind mouths of its motors
& a sitar speaking
a raga in a rage
at all that black death
and all that bad karma
La illaha el lill Allah
There is no god but God
The force that through the red fuze
drives the bullet
drives the needle in its dharma groove
and man the needle
drives that plane
of the 'United States of America'
through its sky full of flak & death
as it wings soundlessly
from those fucked-up cities
whose names we'd rather not remember
Inside the plane a wife
lies soundlessly
against the coffin
Engine whines as sitar sings outrageously
La illaha el lill Allah
There is no god but God?
The plums are falling through the tree
The force that drives the bullet
through the gun
strikes everyone
as the 'United States of America'
flies on sightlessly
through the swift, fierce years
with the dead weight of its Body
which they keep flying from Dallas
which they keep flying from Los Angeles
And the plane lands
without folding its wings
its shadow in mourning for itself
withdraws into itself
in death's draggy dominion
La illaha el lill Allah
There is no god but death
The force that through the green fuze
drove his life
drives everyone
La illaha el lill Allah
And they are driving the Body
up Fifth Avenue
past a million people in line
'We are going to be here a long time'
says Death TV's spielman
The cortege passes soundlessly
'*Goodbye! Goodbye!*' some people cry
The traffic flows around & on
The force that drives the cars
combusts our karma
La illaha el lill Allah
There is no god but death
The force that drives our life to death
drives sitar too
La illaha el lill Allah
Tripping through the strings
they lift the Body
of the United States of America
and carry it into a cathedral
singing Hallelujah He Shall Live
For ever & ever
And then the Body moves again
down Fifth Avenue
Fifty-seven black sedans after it
There are people with roses
behind the barricades
in bargain-basement dresses
La illaha el lill Allah
La illaha el lill Allah
but sitar sings & sings non-violence
sitar sounds in us its depths of ecstasy
against old dung & death
La illaha el lill Allah
La illaha el lill Allah
The force that strikes its strings
strikes us.
And the silver train starts up soundlessly
at a dead speed
over the hot land
an armed helicopter over it
The tracks are lined with bare faces
A highschool band in New Brunswick plays
the Battle Hymn of the Republic
They have shot it down again
They have shot him down again
& will shoot him down again
and take him on a train
and lower him again
into a grave in Washington
La illaha el lill Allah
Day & night journeys the coffin
through the dark land
too dark now to see the dark faces
La illaha el lill Allah
Plums & planes are falling through the air
La illaha el lill Allah
as sitar sings the only answer
sitar sings its only answer
sitar sounds the only sound
that still can still all violence
La illaha el lill Allah
There is no god but life
There is no god but life
La illaha el lill Allah
Sitar breathes its Atman breath in us
sounds & sounds in us its lovely *om om*
La illaha el lill Allah
At every step the pure wind rises
La illaha el lill Allah
People with roses
behind the barricades!

—Ferlinghetti, June 8, 1968

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RÉGIS DEBRAY SPEAKS FROM PRISON

by Marlene Nadle

IT WAS FOUR DAYS after the death of his comrade. In the Camiri jail cell where he is due to spend the next 30 years, Régis Debray nodded, yes, he was willing to speak about Che.

"Do you have any doubts that the man killed was Che Guevara?" I asked.

"Unfortunately," he said slowly, "I have no doubts. . . . I expected the death for a long time. More than a month or two. Che was a friend, a guide, a sort of brother for me. I cried, but then I thought . . . *bon* . . . I tried to put on a good face for the judges."

I asked, hesitantly, if he felt at all responsible for Guevara's death. I couldn't help feeling that the question of responsibility weighed heavily on Debray—the existentialist, the Marxist, and most of all, the Catholic.

"Responsible in what sense?"

"Responsible in any sense, but specifically because of the testimony you gave after your capture in April. Did the Army know Che was in Bolivia before you said you had come to interview him?"

"Of course they knew!" He dismissed the question with a wave of his hand.

"What was he like with people—with the men in the camp, for example?"

"Very hard. Very rough. But after a while, by night, he would be very tender. He was both, you know? He was rough a majority of the time, but sometimes, with some people, he was very tender, very sentimental. I think he had two personalities. He said one night after the death of a comrade: a communist must make himself hard without losing the tenderness. . . . Hard? That's not the word. I can't express it in English because, you know, it is impossible to speak about Che Guevara in English. You can only talk about him in Spanish and maybe in French because he knew French. He spoke French very well. But English, impossible! You know what a *sacrilège* is?" Debray asked with a smile. "Well, to speak about Che in English is a *sacrilège*. To put Che in a Yankee situation is a *sacrilège* because all the sense of his life was to fight against the Yankee and against. . . . I don't say against the American people, but I say against the American way of life, and against the image of life an American has, against the lack of soul American people have.

"Impossible in English," Debray repeated when I asked him what the differences were between Che and Fidel.

"In Spanish, then?"

"Impossible too for circumstantial reasons," he said, motioning toward the Army colonel leaning against the wall.

Then, stuttering slightly and speaking in French, he said, "Che and Fidel were completely opposite. But inside they supported one another. They were as brothers. There were no ideological differences between them, only very human differences. But these differences didn't impede them. Che and Fidel understood each other perfectly.

"Che loved Fidel. He had a respect and an admiration, a kind of moral brotherhood, a sentimental link with Fidel that was very profound, very deep. Che always said it was Fidel who made him a revolutionary and a communist, that he had a debt to Fidel. He always considered himself second to Fidel. That's why he once said to me, 'Fidel is only one; the Ches are many.'

"Both of them were always strong men, forceful men, but in different ways. Naturally, or physically, Fidel is stronger. Che was a weak man, physically.

"Well, to tell it in one word, Che was an intellectual, you know, and Fidel is not an intellectual. Fidel is a genius! A genius by intuition, by . . . Che said one day that Fidel was a natural force. Che was a man of reflection, a man of thought.

"Che was also a very authoritarian man. In the guerrilla camp he would simply say, 'This is the way it will be.'

"Che did not support discussion. Fidel would support discussion but Che would not."

"Of the two," I asked, "which was generally more approachable?"

"Fidel," Debray said. "Much more approachable. Much warmer. Che was a very introverted person. . . . He was often alone. He would be glad to speak to somebody, but he didn't find men able to converse with him, so he preferred to be alone. But when he started to speak, he would speak all night about his life, about what he loved, and he liberated all the things inside him. But he was a very solitary man. He was a mystical man."

"But what was his God?"

"You have posed the essential question. This was the conflict of Che. He was a mystic without a transcendent belief. A saint without a God. I think he had a certain image of man for his God. Che wanted to change man. He . . . *bon . . . bon . . .*"

Debray was unable to continue speaking. He stared past me, fighting for control. Then, very quietly, he said, "Che was a modern Christ, but I think he suffered a much harder passion. The Christ of 2000 years ago died face-to-face with his God. But Che knew there was no God and that after death nothing remains.

"He was a very bitter man. . . . 'The true problem,' Che would say, 'is this: in philosophical terms, how is sacrifice possible in an atheistic world?' "

THE PROBLEM WAS CENTRAL to Debray's life, too. Like Che, he had left his *patria*, a middle-class milieu and the security of a profession, first for Cuba, then for the Andes.

"Che always wanted to leave Cuba," according to Debray. "Since 1960. There was an arrangement between him and Fidel that he would be permitted to go. When Che left it was by common decision with Fidel. Che wanted to fight and die in Argentina. That's not a secret. Everybody knew that."

"Was he in Argentina during the two years he disappeared?" I asked.

"Well, he. . . ." Then, remembering where he was, Debray said contempt-

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uously: "I am talking for the Bolivian Fourth Division, you know? I am not talking for you. . . . I can't tell you. Che went to many parts of the world. To Latin America not very much. But ask the Army." He laughed sardonically. "They know.

"The Americans know, too. Ask McNamara. He has known a long time. The CIA has followed Che—but always one month behind. The CIA knew he was in Bolivia since the month of February—but they didn't know how to catch him."

I suggested that if the Army knew and the CIA knew, there was no point in keeping it back. Debray didn't agree. "It is one thing what the intelligence service knows and another thing what the people know. . . . It depends only on Fidel to tell what has passed with Che because Fidel is his best friend and Che left messages to Fidel in order that Fidel tell something after his death. It depends only on this personal relationship which exists between Fidel and Che to reveal some facts. It does not depend on me.

"Che also left a book about the country and the struggle in which he was before coming to Bolivia. I think it will be published. There is no reason to keep it quiet."

"Once Che was in Bolivia," I asked, "did he act as an inspiration or a detail man?"

"A detail person, because his mentality was such that he couldn't have differences between the details and the whole. He cared about everything. About every detail. Of course he had a staff, but he controlled all. And everything about the food. He had a lot of consciousness about the food, and about the repetition of the food in the meals. He himself watched every *guerrillero* in order that none had more to eat than another. It was all very strict, all the food was measured before, and Che was always in the kitchen to see that the cook did not advantage some friend.

"All the guerrilla life is detail of this sort. It's a lot of small occupations: the food, the wood, the guard . . . all these details. And you can't think about anything!" he said with a laugh. "The life of the guerrilla is very monotonous and hard to support because it repeats itself every day. There is no surprise. There is no adventure, but the contrary of adventure. . . . How do you call that in English: an annoyment."

HE, OF COURSE, never had any illusions about the making of a revolution. For him it was a necessary burden, a nasty job that required endurance and sometimes ruthlessness. Debray, in his idealism, was less prepared for his ordeal. While in prison he repeatedly protested the conditions of his confinement. On the subject of his Bolivian lawyer he grew petulant.

During our second interview—a week after the first, still during the trial—he spent the first ten minutes attacking his attorney. He was very angry and agitated and shifted nervously from one foot to the other. The scowl that had been his permanent courtroom expression was back in place. "The trial is a disaster!" he said. He himself had worked out a line of questioning for the defense —and then his lawyer wouldn't heed it.

"I think my trial doesn't have any more interest after the death of Che. I don't know why the reporters are still here. . . . The Bolivian government told the people that I was a friend of Fidel and of Che, and through me they could condemn Castroism. But Che is dead and there are only six *guerrilleros* living . . . and . . . and then . . ." His words trailed off. When he spoke again his voice was angry.

"The guerrillas died by lack of food! They died by malnutrition! They died by, by weakness! At the end they could not fight. They could not! They were too weak. They could not escape the fighting and they could not support the fighting. Che had lost 20 kilos in the month of April. He was a shadow of himself. By lack of food. By lack of the vitamins and by lack of proteins. . . ."

"What went wrong?" I asked.

The answer came slowly. "What was wrong was the lack of contact with the towns. The lack of backing. The lack of supplies from the towns. Because no guerrilla can sustain itself alone in a deserted mountain without anything."

"But why weren't your own people set up as suppliers instead of depending on peasants or anyone else?"

"It was done, but not consummated. It didn't come out for reasons that are political reasons. There were deceptions, by political parties and by some men of political parties. There were deceptions, too, of other men who did not do what they promised they would do. Well, it is very difficult to speak of all that because I am a prisoner, you know? I am lacking in talking with people. I am lacking in information. I can't just start a great polemic, an anti-polemic."

Debray maintained his caution although it was already known that Che's diary described his futile meeting with Mario Monje, secretary-general of the Bolivian Communist Party. The press had also stressed that Victor Paz Estenssoro, ex-President of Bolivia and leader of the left-wing *Movimiento Nacional Revolucionario*, had disavowed the guerrilla campaign.

"If you were to write *Revolution Within the Revolution?* now," I asked, "after what has happened in Bolivia, would you still say the guerrillas should go in before they had organized peasant support they could count on?"

"I don't know," he replied. "There are many reevaluations that have to be made. But I think the experiment done in Bolivia does not have very great meaning. There were very few contacts with the peasants. . . ."

"Why did they pick such a completely deserted spot? Was it Che's decision?"

"I think it was Che's decision. Not personal. It was something they told Che. Did you listen to the speech of Fidel on the death of Che? I think he has made a very interesting analysis. I didn't listen but they told me some things.

"Fidel spoke about the fact that Bolivians told Che wrong things and Che thought the situation was not what it was. It was all a mistake of course. Made by Che, but made by Che because he trusted these certain men. And what must be done is to think about what misinformation was given by these men. It will be done of course. There are some people interested in making that inquiry. . . ."

HIS ATTENTION SHIFTED to the soldiers nearby, still wearing their jungle camouflage uniforms. Then he wagged a finger at me and said in irritation: "And you too, as an American girl that I don't know, you come here and start speaking with me . . . but . . . well, I don't know. . . . But I know the American people. And I know the way they made the *guerrillero* Vasquez speak. And I know the way . . . well, I know the way of tricking, of making people feel good and then. . . ."

The reference was to Jorge Vasquez Viana, one of the accused guerrillas, who

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was officially listed as missing. Most observers believe that he was tricked, while lying seriously ill in a Camiri hospital, into giving information to an intelligence agent posing as an aide from Havana; then he was shot.

I asked Debray if he thought there were any CIA agents among the guerrillas. "I don't know if there were any CIA agents," he said, "but there was a Bolivian police agent. He was one of the three who deserted before the first ambush."

In addition to the agent there were about ten other men who disturbed the moral unity of the guerrillas. Almost all of them were of the group of tin miners recruited by Moisés Guevara (no relation to Che), a Bolivian union leader whom Debray generously described as a good man who made mistakes. "These ten," said Debray, "caused internal fight. Not between the Bolivians and the foreigners, but between the men who wanted to work and to fight and the men who did not want to."

Che handled the problem by expelling them—one because he stole food from the kitchen at night and then lied about it, another because he was not a good fighter. Whatever the individual reasons for expulsion, they all reacted to it the same way: by going straight to Bolivian military headquarters. Eventually members of this group led the Army to the documents which exposed the supporting underground in the cities; some later appeared as witnesses against Debray.

"These men," Debray said firmly, "precipitated the collapse of the guerrillas, but they didn't cause it. The fundamental thing was that the guerrillas were victims of physical and natural conditions. I insist upon that.

"The guerrillas were victims of the forest. They were eaten by the jungle. That's a thing you can't imagine. You can't know what is the malnutrition. What is the lack of water during four days when you are walking with 40 kilos on your back. You don't know what is the lack of shoes.

"When Che died he did not have shoes, only a kind of shoe, a very artisan one, because he lost them. He did not have a coat.

"And at night, to protect themselves, some Army officer told me, when the guerrillas were 22, they had only six blankets—six for 22. Well, you cannot survive that and they did not survive that.

"You know in the month of March, all of the men of Che's staff had their feet and hands bandaged. They had a kind of illness where they swell, swell, swell. Their feet were like so," he said, gesturing in balloon shapes. "You could not discern the fingers of their hands. It was just a mound of flesh. They could not take a plate. They could not walk because they had not eaten for one month."

"Was it that bad from the beginning?"

"It was bad from the beginning. It was bad from February. When they came back to the camp there was a weakness in every man. Physical weakness, and they did not have time to recuperate properly."

"Do you think the March 23rd ambush of an Army patrol was a mistake?"

"Personally I think that. They were not ready to fight. They should not have revealed themselves. But," he broke off his reply, "I do not want to talk more. I am interested in listening and learning. I cannot read the Bolivian papers because they are ugly and they make me feel sick.

"HAVE YOU BEEN a journalist for a long time?" Debray asked me.

"Why did you come to this trial? Why have you come to Bolivia?"

"Personal interest," I answered after a while.

"Why this personal interest? Are you interested in Latin American affairs? Are you interested in Latin American revolutions? Did you come to the trial through the American Embassy? Why did the Army permit you to come into my cell? You are the only journalist to come in here. To come in here you have to talk with the general, the fascist Barrientos." Then he laughed. "Of course you have something going for you: that you are a woman is very important. But it doesn't explain all."

"The miniskirt helped," I said.

"Even that, even that. . . . Where are you from?"

"The Village."

"The Village? But what is the Village: beatniks? LSD? Ginsberg?"

"Politicos," I said.

"Politicos? The left, the American left, what are they: Monthly Review? Monthly Review was denounced by Fidel two years ago and I think Fidel was right. Even if we know the editors are good men. Good men? We were working with them! We made the work of the enemy! They published a lot of false things. Attacking Cuba and attacking Fidel upon wrong things. Telling that Che was dying! That there is not any liberty in Cuba! That the Trotskyists are in jail in Cuba! A lot of silly things. And that is the American left. They are the good Nazis. How can we trust them?

"Of course it is one thing to discuss, and every paper has the right to discuss, and every man. But there are too many things in the past. It gives you no confidence or trust in the American left."

Matching his cynicism with my own I asked, finally, "Do you really believe after what has happened in the guerrilla struggles since Cuba that it can still be done? Or is that just something you want to believe?"

"Well, I don't know if it can be done. I know it is something that must be done. And it will be done. But I don't know if it can be done." He laughed, because the question was impossible. "I think you cannot make history if you put what *can* be done before what *must* be done. I think that . . . well, I am a subjectivist, you know? But even a subjectivist has to see the objective conditions and make a scientific analysis."

The last question I asked was what effect he thought Che's death would have.

"Psychological, of course, but no effective effect. There will probably be a setback in Bolivia. In the other countries, sure, for a short time. But Che wasn't pessimistic about the future of Latin America. Even when he knew he would die soon. And he knew it since April. He told it. He knew he was weak and that many faults had been committed in the preparation of the guerrillas. He knew things would not come out as he hoped in Bolivia, but he was resigned to die in the knowledge that his death would be a sort of renaissance. For he had the same conception of death as Fidel or Martí. That is, death as a promise of rebirth. Death as a sort of acceleration of life, a kind of ritual of renewal.

"And with his death," Régis Debray continued, "I think we have a decision we didn't have before. This decision is to go until the end. I think now we know that everybody must fight and everybody must die in this fight. Bolívar spoke of a *guerra a muerte*, a war until death. Now we are all very near some *guerra a muerte*."

To frustrate the eavesdropping guards, this interview was conducted largely in English—although Debray is not fluent.

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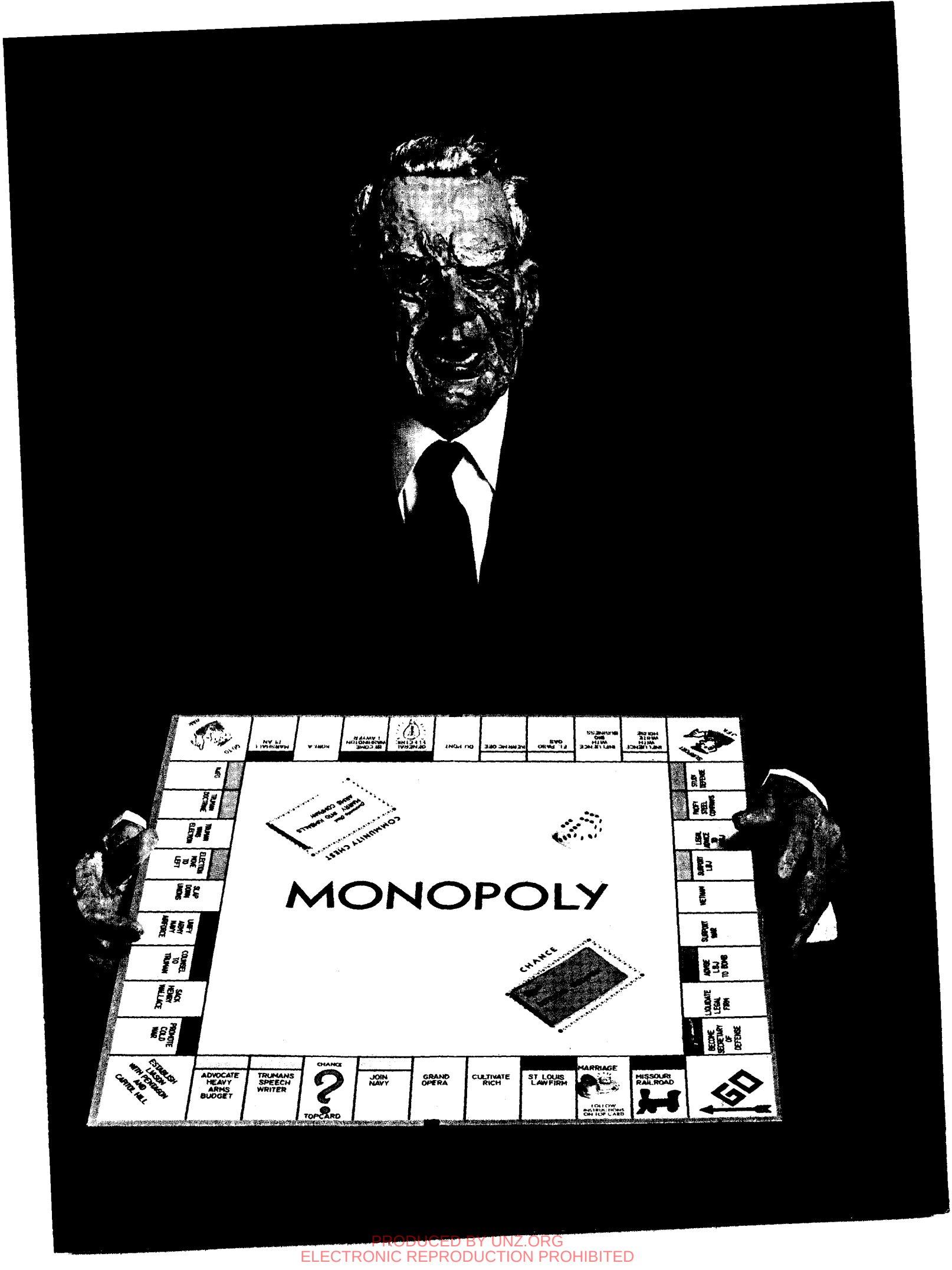
MONOPOLY
COMMUNITY CHEST
CHANCE
ESTABLISH LIAISON WITH PENTAGON AND CAPITOL HILL
ADVOCATE HEAVY ARMS BUDGET
TRUMANS SPEECH WRITER
CHANCE
TOP CARD
JOIN NAVY
GRAND OPERA
CULTIVATE RICH
ST LOUIS LAW FIRM
MARRIAGE
MISSOURI RAILROAD
GO
BECOME SECRETARY OF DEFENSE
LOBOTOMIZE LEGAL FIRM
ARMS LBJ TO BOMB
SUPPORT WAR
VIETNAM
SUPPORT LBJ
LEGAL ADVICE
NUCLEAR STRIKE FORCE
PRIVATE COLD WAR
SOS HERMAN WELLNESS
CONTROL OF TOMAHAWK
ARMS LBJ TO BOMB
CLOSED
CLOSED
$5
COMMUNITY CHEST
Pay Doctor's Fee $50
Collect $50
Grand Jury Indicts You
Collect $200
Go to Jail
Go directly to Jail
Do not pass GO
Do not collect $200
Income Tax refund
Collect $10
You have won second prize in a beauty contest
Collect $10
You inherit $100
Life Insurance Matures
Collect $100
Hospital Fees
Pay $50
School Fees
Pay $50
Receive for Services
$25
You are assessed for street repairs
$40 per house
$115 per hotel
You have won first prize in a beauty contest
Collect $10
Bank Error in your favor
Collect $200
Doctor's Fee
Pay $50
From sale of stock
You get $50
Holiday Fund
Matures
Collect $100
Income Tax refund
Collect $20
It is your birthday
Collect $10
Life Insurance Matures
Collect $100
Pay Hospital Fees of $100
Pay School Fees of $150
Receive $25 Consultancy Fee
You are assessed for street repairs
$40 per house
$115 per hotel
You have won second prize in a beauty contest
Collect $10
You inherit $100
Go to Jail
Go directly to Jail
Do not pass GO
Do not collect $200
Grand Jury Indicts You
Collect $200
Pay Doctor's Fee $50
Collect $50
Income Tax refund
Collect $10
Collect $10
Collect $10

Silky Clark Clifford was addressing a meeting of the Executives Club in Chicago. It was March 1950; he had just exchanged his job as President Truman's most influential advisor for entrance into

the classiest regions of the business world. And he wanted to allay the fears of business leaders about the liberal rhetoric of the Truman Administration, assure them that the Democratic Party was in fact *their* party and best equipped to serve their interests. "We must do everything in our power to preserve the free enterprise system," he said. "It isn't going to be preserved *unless government and business can join together as partners* in a joint enterprise and preserve it." (Our italics.)

The history of Clark Clifford—advisor to three Presidents, Washington lawyer/lobbyist for huge corporations, and current secretary of Defense—is a case study of how that partnership works. For Clifford has served as one of the innumerable links through which business exercises its imperfect but nevertheless decisive control over the government, carving out for himself a multimillion dollar fortune in the process. Few have been better equipped to do the job than this curious hybrid of Rasputin, Perry Como and Mr. Fix; this social climber from Missouri, syrupy flatterer, influence peddler and clearheaded tactician named Clark McAdams Clifford.

[CLIFFORD MAKING IT]

CLIFFORD'S CAREER BEGAN WHEN HE ENTERED one of St. Louis' most prestigious corporate law firms in 1928, married into the Kimball Arms Company family and unobtrusively began cultivating the rich and well-connected. Born in Fort Scott, Kansas, the son of a traveling auditor for the Missouri Pacific Railroad (he later told people his father was a "railroad executive"), he had the habit of giving the brush to old friends as he rose to prominence in St. Louis society. Tall and handsome as a matinee idol, smooth as a gabardine suit, his social ambitions were crowned one night in 1941, when his wife was chosen Matron of Honor at the exclusive Veiled Prophet Ball. About this time, he became friendly with a politically-connected banker/businessman and crony of Harry Truman: Jake Vardaman. They served together on the board of the Grand Opera Association (which served up nothing much grander than summer musical comedy in the park). In 1944, Clifford decided he was financially able to leave his law practice and joined the Navy, where he won promotion to four-stripe captain after less than two years' service on dry land.

In 1945, Jake Vardaman, by then Naval aide to President Truman, called Clifford to the White House to be his assistant. And while Vardaman was trotting off with Truman to Potsdam to map a settlement for the last war, Clifford helped draft the President's message on Universal Military Training, to prepare for the next one. Before long, the assistant Naval aide was making himself indispensable around the White House, writing many, and, after a while, most of Truman's speeches. He was accordingly promoted to full Naval aide upon Vardaman's nomination as governor of the Federal Reserve System. (At that time there were Senate hearings as to the fitness of the former president of a bankrupt shoe company to govern the nation's monetary system. He had been accused in 1941 of padding the store's inventory and misappropriating $2800. A Republican senator said he had evidence that officials of the shoe company had signed affidavits attesting to the irregularities, but that after a payoff from Vardaman, the affidavits were destroyed. There were also allegations that Clifford, who was attorney for the shoe company at the time of the liquidation, had advised Vardaman to pay the bribe. But Clifford hung tough, and his testimony was said to have been largely responsible for Vardaman's eventual confirmation.)

For all the comic opera aspects of the Truman Administration, cool heads controlled it—men like James Forrestal, Dean Acheson and Clark Clifford. Almost all the key administration figures had a strong big business orientation. Wall Street luminaries like Forrestal and General William Draper from Dillon, Read & Company, held down important posts. So did Averell Harriman and Robert Lovett from Brown Brothers Harriman & Company. All were fierce advocates of a heavy war budget and a hard line on world communism—all except Henry Wallace, and he was canned.

In mid-1946, Clifford was formally named special counsel to the President. He drafted the Military Unification Plan of 1947, which concentrated power in the office of the secretary of Defense—which he himself now occupies. He also wrote the presidential message calling for antistrike legislation in critical industries and a speech in which Truman threatened to draft railroad strikers into the armed forces. He pushed changes in the labor laws which would outlaw jurisdictional strikes and secondary boycotts. In general, Clifford made it clear that the government would use any means necessary to break the power of the militant industrial unions, although it would look kindly on those unions with "a clear concept of labor's responsibility to the people and the government." Faced with a strike by John L. Lewis and 400,000 mine workers, Clifford swung Truman to a hard line, and the strike was broken. On Clifford's advice, the President instructed the Justice Department to cite Lewis for defiance of antistrike injunctions; Lewis was fined $10,000 and his union $3,500,000. Clifford also readied a presidential speech ordering federal troops to the coal mines and imposing even stiffer fines in case Lewis held out. Lewis' unconditional surrender was regarded as a critical turning point for organized labor, a setback from which the unions have yet to recover. The extent of labor's emasculation is indicated by the fact that Clifford later sat side by side with John L. Lewis on the board of the National Bank of Washington, in which the United Mine Workers union owns a controlling interest.

Clifford was not, however, inflexible. For example, he urged the President to veto the anti-labor Taft-Hartley bill (although there was much speculation that the veto was decided in full anticipation that the Republican Congress would override it) and drafted Truman's civil rights message to Congress. These moves fitted neatly into the '48 campaign strategy Clifford was drafting for the underdog President, in which labor and the black vote were principal targets. He also urged Truman to "move to the left" temporarily, to undercut Wallace's appeal, while at the same time arranging for prominent liberals to

Sculpture by Roger Laus/Photograph by Vano Wells Fagliano

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Corporations in Government, Case Study No. 1:

[CLIFFORD AND THE DU PONTS]

ONE DAY IN 1962, a small group of dark-suited men filed into the office of Robert Knight, general counsel of the Treasury Department, ensconced themselves on the cracked leather settees and prepared to discuss a $100 million problem. What ensued was a contest, if that's the word, between the du Pont Family and the federal government over approximately that amount of taxes, and whether the aggrieved du Ponts couldn't find some way out of paying it. Representing the nation's premier corporate clan was Clark Clifford, their Washington counsel; Robert Knight headed the government delegation.

Clifford had begun his exposition when a secretary interrupted the meeting to announce, "Mr. Knight, the President is calling," whereupon Clifford got up, turned to the others and solemnly intoned, "I think it would be appropriate for all of us to leave the room." Solemnly, they all rose. The secretary, sensing a misunderstanding, corrected, "Oh, but the call isn't for Mr. Knight—it's for Mr. Clifford!" Clifford took the call, then strode to the anteroom where the others were standing around joking about Clifford's reputation for receiving calls from the President at opportune moments.

Before the case was settled, Clifford and his associates had saved the du Ponts not $100 million, but an estimated $2 billion in taxes, allegedly receiving what has become famous in Washington as the "million dollar fee." Some Washington insiders contend the fee was closer to $2 million.

The extraordinary du Pont tax case grew out of a Supreme Court antitrust decision ordering E. I. du Pont de Nemours, titan of the chemical industry, to divest itself of the 23 per cent interest it held in General Motors. Focus of the dispute was not the du Pont company itself, but its largest stockholder, Christiana Securities, the holding company through which members of the du Pont Family exert control. ("They are like one ball," said Senator Paul Douglas, "within another ball within another ball.") After an involved series of court orders, Internal Revenue Service rulings, and an act of Congress, du Pont was instructed to sell, or distribute pro rata to its stockholders, including Christiana, all its GM stock. Christiana, in turn, had to sell or distribute proportionately to stockholders all the GM stock it had received from du Pont. Members of the Family, in turn, had to dispose of all GM stock they received from Christiana.

Normally, gains realized by the Family from sale of GM stock would be taxed as "ordinary income." But since most of the 63 million GM shares held by du Pont had been purchased some 50 years ago for two or three dollars a share (worth about $55 in 1962), and since Family members receiving the stock were in the topmost tax bracket, they would have had to kiss goodbye over 90 per cent of all those golden gains. To avoid this cruel and unusual punishment, the Family petitioned Congress for special tax relief. The original du Pont proposal called for a tax of 16 cents a share from the sale of GM stock. Failing that, they asked that returns from the sale of their GM stock be taxed not as ordinary income, not even as capital gains, but as "modified capital gains" (about $7.25 a share in 1962)—a tax rate far less than you or I pay on our weekly paychecks.

It was a lobbying effort probably unmatched in the history of the influence business—generaled by Clifford and captained by John Sharon, who was commandeered from another law office and later made a member of the Clifford firm. In a brilliant, unorthodox strategem, Clifford and Sharon had the president of du Pont himself lobby more than 60 congressmen and administration officials, including Treasury Secretary Douglas Dillon and Attorney General Robert Kennedy. Unsurprisingly, neither the Treasury nor the Justice Departments opposed the legislation.

The special tax relief bill was passed in 1962, providing for a modified capital gains tax essentially as the Family wanted it, and signed into law by President Kennedy. (Eugene McCarthy, true to form, was one of the bill's firmest advocates on the Senate Finance Committee. If the Senate failed to enact the bill, said McCarthy, it "might have the effect of distorting the operations of the two corporations, and of distorting the investment portfolios or holdings of many persons or corporations.") Congress anticipated that the government would collect $470 million in taxes, based on a pro-rata distribution at prevailing GM prices. As for the "million dollar fee," a former Treasury tax attorney told us: "For what Clifford and his colleagues did in getting that legislation through, any bill he'd submit would be inadequate."

But the cunning du Ponts did not rest on their legislative victory. Clifford's 1962 meeting with Robert Knight was one of many in a continuing push for maximum tax relief. Knight, however, was obliged to follow the guidelines set by the courts and Congress, designed to ensure that the Family paid at least *some* taxes on their outlandish GM winnings.

Undaunted, Clifford tried again in 1964, arguing that conditions had changed since the earlier ruling—notably that GM had since nearly doubled in price and was now hovering around $100 a share. This meant more than double the capital gains tax liability for the 8.4 million GM shares that Christiana had yet to distribute to its stockholders. The solution was to change the rules, permitting an exchange of GM for Christiana stock on a non-pro-rata basis. This way, the GM shares would be funneled largely to tax-exempt organizations holding Christiana stock, and to individuals who had acquired their Christiana holdings relatively recently and at relatively high prices and would therefore show a low capital gain. The net effect of the du Pont proposal was a virtual exemption from taxes on the entire GM divestiture for the wealthiest Family members.

Clifford met with Treasury Secretary Dillon on July 9, 1964. He argued that by allowing non-pro-rata distribution at the higher GM price, the government would still raise the approximately $470 million in taxes anticipated by Congress in 1962. (Senators Gore and Douglas contended that singling out the du Ponts for further special exemptions on enormous capital gains was by no means justified. They pointed out that the $470 million figure was merely an estimate, based on what the tax would have been if GM were sold at the then prevailing price. "What if GM had fallen in price?" the senators asked. Would the government have then changed the rules to recover the difference from du Pont?—patently not.)

In early fall of 1964, Clifford attended another meeting in the general counsel's office on the pseudo-classic pillared third floor of the Treasury. This time it was occupied by Fred Smith, Knight having returned to corporate law practice on Wall Street. Once again, the meeting was interrupted by a call from the President. One of the tax lawyers who was present described the scene: "Clifford made a point of asking Fred Smith whether he could use his private office for a while to talk to President Johnson. I turned to the others in the room and asked whether this was a common occurrence at such meetings. They told me, 'It happens all the time.' I couldn't be sure, but it occurred to me that it couldn't have been the President *every* time."

Since the Treasury tax lawyers were recommending that no changes be made in the rulings which would permit special favors for the du Ponts, the Family went to extraordinary lengths to apply pressure. A few days after the meeting in Fred Smith's office, Robert Knight received a phone call at his Wall Street law firm, Shearman and Sterling. It was Clark Clifford, asking for a reconsideration of Knight's 1962 ruling requiring pro-rata distribution of the GM stock. Knight testified before the Senate Finance Committee: "He asked me . . . whether the fact that his clients produced a lot of revenue was the kind of factor that would permit a reconsideration." Clifford also raised the possibility that Secretary Dillon might be calling Knight back into the case for a new ruling.

Sure enough, on November 2, 1964, Dillon *did* call Knight to Washington for a reconsideration. On November 4, Knight was in Washington being briefed by Clifford. On November 10, he held a meeting with Treasury and Christiana lawyers. And on November 20, he issued his recommendation, reversing his 1962 decision; permitting a non-pro-rata exchange by Christiana, with half the taxable GM stock going to tax-exempt stockholders; and saving the du Ponts an additional $56 to $100 million in taxes.

In addition, since Christiana shares exchanged for GM stock were retired by the corporation, the effect was to further concentrate the Family's ownership of Christiana and increase the value of their holdings. In effect, the most affluent Family members benefited from a more than $90-per-share rise in the price of GM stock without incurring a penny of immediate tax liability.

"Very frankly," Senator Douglas told the Finance Committee, "it seems to me this has been a heads-I-win, tails-you-lose ruling—heads du Pont wins, tails the government loses." Senator Gore indulged his indignation at "this last-minute change in a Treasury ruling . . . negotiated and issued in secrecy and contrary to the clear intent of Congress. . . ." He called it a "deal that Robert Knight, selected by Secretary Dillon and who served without pay, secretly negotiated on behalf of the Treasury with the du Pont lawyers and lobbyists. . . . Stranger yet was the fact that [Knight] first learned of his possible selection as special consultant . . . by way of a telephone call from a Washington lawyer for the du Pont interests, Mr. Clark Clifford. . . . Former Secretary Dillon, Mr. Knight . . . and the present commissioner, the then chief counsel of Internal Revenue, Sheldon Cohen, all ought to share in whatever rewards are given out for service well beyond the call of duty to the rich and privileged." (Knight was recently named trustee of the CIA's Asia Foundation, one of whose functions is to promote U.S. business in the Far East.)

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"identify and isolate him [Wallace] in the public mind with the communists."

[CLIFFORD AND THE EXPANDING ECONOMY]

CLIFFORD'S INFLUENCE DID NOT STOP with his departure from the White House early in 1950, as Truman continued to visit regularly at the Clifford home. But he was freer to air his political ideas in public: witness his extraordinary speech to the Chicago Executives Club a few months later. He began with an analogy to the First American Revolution in 1776. Appropriately, he identified himself and his audience of businessmen not with the patriots of Lexington and Concord, but with George III and his problems in holding onto this distant piece of the British Empire. "I have often thought that with some slight giving on his part," Clifford said of King George, "if he had 'rolled with the punch' a little and made some concessions here and some concessions there, the whole history of this nation might have been different. . . .

"I don't believe that we can make that mistake today," Clifford told the corporation heads. "I believe *the people have to feel that their small share of this country is just as much theirs as it is yours and mine.* . . . I think that if we don't recognize that there is in existence today a deep, fundamental change in this country, we will miss the boat. I think future generations will see it just as clearly as we now see the revolutionary atmosphere in the 18th century. . . . And I think we have got to 'roll with the punch.' I think we have to develop our economy in such a way that the ordinary people in this country can feel that they have real opportunity and real security.

"The interesting part about it is that it can be done in such a way that *while the great mass of our people are raising their status of living, business can become more prosperous.* It is done, I believe, through the process of the expanding economy. . . ." (Our italics.)

When Clifford made that speech in March 1950, there were signs of serious trouble in the American economy. After a period of steadily rising corporate profits (reaching $21 billion

Corporations in Government, Case Study No. 2:

[CLIFFORD AND THE GREAT PRICE RIG]

ONE IMPORTANT function of the government is mediating disputes among the large corporations, through regulation, so as to preserve the corporate peace, ensure that inter-giant competition is carefully controlled, and maximize production and profit for industry as a whole. The most celebrated recent case of the government's resolving corporate conflict of interest came in 1961, when General Electric and 28 other electrical equipment makers were convicted of fixing prices and rigging bids. The "victims" of these practices included such mammoth public utilities as Consolidated Edison and Pacific Gas and Electric (whose combined assets are even greater than GE's), although the utilities had, of course, passed the overcharges on to the real victim of the price conspiracy—the consumer.

The 29 companies had defrauded their customers of hundreds of millions of dollars; for that they paid fines totaling $1.9 million, and seven second-echelon executives did 30 days in prison. Fines levied against GE totaled $430,000—"less than one tenth of one per cent of its total annual income, and about two tenths of one per cent of its net 1960 profits . . . no more severe," said Justice Department official Lee Loevinger, "than a $3 ticket for overtime parking for a man with a $15,000 income."

The companies also faced damage suits from the Tennessee Valley Authority and other agencies of federal, state and local governments, plus triple damage suits from the private utilities. And what does a "top 500" corporation do when its power lines are overloaded?—it calls in the old reliable fix-it man, Clark Clifford. "The highly realistic General Electric Company," writes John Herling in *The Great Price Conspiracy*, "decided its most fruitful approach might be effected through the appointment of somebody with maximum access to high places in the Kennedy Administration. . . . Clifford's appointment struck some people as an effort by General Electric to 'peddle influence' with the Kennedy Administration, which would put the Department of Justice under extra-legal pressure in an effort to undermine the government campaign to collect for damages." Sure enough, GE settled out of court with the federal government for $7.7 million, about ten per cent of the $70 million it charged for price-fixed goods from 1956 to mid-1960. The federal settlement, called "reasonable and fair" by GE's board chairman, set a general pattern for the other damage suits against GE.

Not only did Clifford help to settle many of GE's 1800 treble-damage claims out of court, he wangled a special ruling out of the IRS, permitting GE to deduct fines and legal penalties as "business expenses" (explicitly forbidden under tax regulations). As in the du Pont case, he is reported to have received up to $2 million for his services to GE.

The court action, of course, did nothing to break the monopoly of companies like GE and Westinghouse over the electrical supply industry. General Electric not only maintains a dominant position in industry as a whole (the nation's fourth largest industrial corporation, with 1967 sales of $7.7 billion and defense contracts worth $1.2 billion), but has virtually absolute control over certain markets. Take, for example, the light bulb market, where GE has forcibly excluded new competitors for half a century— a market so profitable that the company was able to compensate losses and declare regular dividends throughout the Great Depression. Antitrust actions against GE began in 1911; GE, unperturbed, bought up a new light bulb patent and set up cross-licensing agreements to fix prices and divide the world market. Over the next 36 years, 16 antitrust proceedings and eight Federal Trade Commission actions were launched against GE. In 1949, the company was again convicted of monopolizing light bulbs and settled $104 million in claims for $1.3 million. Yet by 1961, GE *still* had 60 per cent of light bulb sales (Westinghouse had 20 per cent).

During the 1961 price-fixing scandal, a utility man seeking damage claims summed up the dilemma of dealing with independent principalities like General Electric and Westinghouse. "Lawyers or no," he said, "where else can we buy our transformers?" Even the federal government handled the top GE executives with kid gloves. "Negotiations," wrote Business Week, "were made with one eye on repeated charges that [the administration] is anti-business." The Kennedy Administration was about as anti-business as the Wall Street Journal. GE Board Chairman Cordiner was chairman of the Business Advisory Council (another mechanism of corporate influence over federal policy making); his predecessor, C.E. "Electric Charlie" Wilson, was a member of the Pentagon's Logistics Management Group; neither was penalized. A wink of the official eye and these executives, protesting their ignorance of any price/bid collusion, went spinning around the country applying the full force of corporate power to hold onto those ill-gotten gains. "Their legal and public relations teams," writes Herling, "called upon many cities and towns urging their leaders not to sue. . . . The question here became not whether to fight City Hall, but whether City Hall should fight General Electric. . . . Teams of 'persuaders' . . . held out the prospect of new plants to job-hungry communities."

But any search for the villains of the price conspiracy must go beyond Clifford, beyond Cordiner and "Electric Charlie," to the banks that govern General Electric by remote control. T. K. Quinn, a GE vice president who resigned in disgust at "business hypocrisy," described it this way: "The big blocks of GE stock . . . are held in huge private insurance or pension trust funds, and to a lesser extent, in mutual funds. Who will vote this deciding stock interest on judgment day? Why, the trustees of these funds, of course. Who are they? Well, about ten New York banks are the trustees for about three-fourths of it." A typical trustee, said Quinn, is Sidney Weinberg, president of the Wall Street banking firm of Goldman, Sachs and Co., director of GE, Ford, COMSAT and a dozen other large concerns, and the man who sponsored Cordiner for his executive post with GE. Quinn said the decision to retain Cordiner and most other top executives was made by Weinberg and a handful of other trustees ". . . who together own less than one per cent of the outstanding General Electric stock. . . . They are the ones who are really on trial.

"We are left," said Quinn, "with the transparent mystery of why prices continue so uniform in the electric lamp, steel, drug, cement, roofing material and other industries." Or as Federal Judge J. Cullen Ganey put it, "General Electric and the others made a mockery of our 'free enterprise' protestations."

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after taxes in 1948) came the recession of 1949, and a persistent increase in the number of unemployed. The Great Depression of the '30s had never really been overcome (there were eight million unemployed right up to 1941, when the switch to war production reinflated the economy). And although the expected postwar conversion crisis had been temporarily averted, the "boom" was filled with signs of an impending "bust." Clifford, like many others in Washington, was worried by this prospect. If unemployment continued to increase, he told the executives, "it will indicate that we are not capable of meeting this problem, and that there is something basically wrong in our system." He contended that unless the living standard of ordinary people increased (one-third of the nation's families lived on less than $2000 a year), they might become disillusioned with the American Way and fall prey to "the illusion of socialism."

There was only one way, Clifford argued, to provide "a reasonably decent American standard of living" for the masses and at the same time maximize corporate profits (i.e., avoid a general redistribution of income). And that was to "expand the economy" by any means necessary—what Clifford called "a tremendous task that can only be performed by government and business working together." He advocated two methods of ballooning the economy without inconveniencing the rich: first, a government-financed and militarily-supported expansion of overseas markets and investments; second, a huge armaments program.

While Clifford was musing about government/business partnership in Chicago, a top-secret strategy document (NSC-68) was receiving its final approval from the National Security Council in Washington—a document Clifford had helped to prepare. It envisaged a *quadrupling* of the Defense budget to an unprecedented peacetime figure of ten per cent of the Gross National Product, or about $50 billion. The plan was initialed by President Truman in April 1950. But it was not until the outbreak of the Korean War two months later that the American public could be expected to swallow such a costly rearmament. (At one point early in the Korean War, when it looked as if a peace settlement might be reached, President Truman actually warned of damage to the economy if a settlement were to undermine support for the rearmament program. Instead, U.S. forces crossed the 38th parallel; the war went on for two and a half more years, and arms-generated spending soared. The splurge continues to this day, defense contracts alone accounting for about ten per cent of all business volume in the United States.) Just as it had required a World War to pull the U.S. out of the Great Depression, so in the postwar period prosperity came to depend on a permanent war economy. And Clark Clifford, from his championship of a "strong strategic Air Force" in the Truman years to his current call for more nuclear overkill, has been one of its strongest advocates.

He also used his access to Truman's ear to push government sponsorship of overseas trade and investment by U.S. corporations. And Clifford, once the inspiration for a Hollywood screenplay entitled "Mr. Smooth," was eminently qualified to make this imperialist expansion seem like pure altruism. The Marshall Plan, which opened Europe to American corporate carpetbaggers (today U.S. capital dominates wide areas of the European economy with $20 billion in strategically placed fixed investments), was made to seem like a giveaway program. In the same way, the Truman Doctrine in Greece and the Middle East and Point Four in Asia were packaged as aid programs, while in fact they served primarily to establish beachheads for U.S. business.

As Truman's chief ghost writer, expediter and advisor, Clifford played a key role in drafting and securing the adoption of each of these policies for "expanding the economy." As he foresaw, building the war machine at home and expanding the empire abroad *did* solve the unemployment problem, temporarily. As Clifford predicted, it did improve the living standard of the man-in-the-street, at least enough to dampen his discontent and restore his faith in the economic system. And, as Clifford predicted, corporate profits soared. Depression had been averted, and with it the potential for revolution which Clifford envisioned in his Chicago speech.

For corporate liberals like Clifford, the national security objectives of the United States and the economic interests of the large corporations were in perfect unity. To contain "communism" at home required an expanding economy, achieved largely through military spending; to contain it abroad required the application (or threat) of military force and economic pressure. And conversely, to obtain forced growth of the economy through military spending and an expansionist foreign policy required the pretext of containing the communist menace.

Way back in 1917, Secretary of State Lansing (the uncle of John Foster Dulles) made very clear the government's duty to protect corporate property from the Red threat. In terms more candid than those currently in use, he wrote that the Bolsheviks sought "to make the ignorant and incapable mass of humanity dominant in the earth." The Bolsheviks were appealing, he said, "to a [particular] class and not to all classes of society, a class which does not have property but hopes to obtain a share by process of government rather than individual enterprise. This is of course a direct threat at existing social order in all countries." Clark Clifford's own career exemplifies the use of government (rather than "individual enterprise") to enrich not the mass of people but the privileged few—including and especially himself.

Corporations in Government, Case Study No. 3:

[CLIFFORD AND THE MERGER MANIA]

AMERICAN VISCOSE COMPANY (Avisco) is up for grabs. Two "top 500" chemical companies, both suppliers to Avisco, vulture in to acquire it. Who gets it?—the company with the right government connections, in this case the one with Clark Clifford on its payroll.

The first contestant, Stauffer Chemical, announced its intention to buy up Avisco in August 1962. Within a day, the Justice Department warned of possible antitrust action and later filed suit to block the merger. A year later FMC Corporation acquired Avisco, after Clifford had prevailed on the antitrust division to allow the merger. Yet FMC had almost double the sales volume of Stauffer, sold more chemicals to Avisco and had acquired over twice as many smaller concerns in the preceding ten-year period.

Today, after five years of buying up every company in sight, FMC ranks in the top 60 industrial corporations, with an average annual growth rate of 12 per cent and sales three times that of Stauffer. The duel for Avisco (and the unimpeded rise of FMC) is a classic case of selective enforcement of antitrust laws, with the effect not of curbing monopoly, but of encouraging it.

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[MR. FIX FOR THE GIANT CORPORATIONS]

"When you talk about the military-industrial complex, all you have to do is close your eyes and think of Clark Clifford."
—A FORMER KENNEDY ADMINISTRATION OFFICIAL, QUOTED IN THE WASHINGTON POST, JANUARY 28, 1968.

IT WAS WITH THE EXPLICIT AIM of making a pile of money that Clifford left his $25,000 post in 1950 and set up a private law/influence practice in Washington. Hanging out his shingle was an easy matter, particularly after Secretary of Defense Louis Johnson wrote to a score of the most powerful corporations suggesting that they retain Clifford as their counsel in Washington. (Johnson, another corporate attorney and director of Consolidated Vultee, the forerunner of General Dynamics, was to do the same thing on his own behalf when he resigned later the same year.) It was largely out of this incestuous relationship between industrialists and financiers in federal roles and the giants of the defense industry that Clifford made his fortune. In fiscal 1967 alone, his clients were awarded nearly $2 billion in defense contracts and nearly $500 million in grants for research and development.

Clifford used his influence in the antitrust division of the Justice Department, in the regulatory agencies, in Congress and in the White House to win a variety of favors for his clients. "Anything that's regulated," said a fellow Washington lawyer, "he can fix." Although he traded largely on his reputation as an intimate of Presidents Truman, Kennedy and Johnson, it was helpful that three of his legal associates were veterans of the antitrust division, with the kind of middle-level contacts that are indispensable in the influence business.

In the process, Clifford became known as the highest paid lawyer in the nation, earning over a million dollars a year in legal fees alone—an approximate figure confirmed by friends, legal associates and President Johnson. By some estimates, his firm, Clifford & Miller, earned as much as $3.5 million in 1967, of which the lion's share went to Clifford (Miller died in 1950). It may seem like a lot of money for one man operating with a staff of nine lawyers out of a medium-sized office. But when you consider, for example, that Clifford's maneuvers helped to save the du Pont family alone $2 billion in taxes—and that his clients included ITT, American Broadcasting, Hughes Tool, GE, Standard Oil of California, Phillips Petroleum, RCA, El Paso Natural Gas, Time, Inc., W. R. Grace Shipping, TWA, Pennsylvania Railroad, FMC, Kerr-McGee Oil, and various sugar and cocoa interests, drug and chemical companies and mutual funds—then a million a year seems quite a reasonable figure.

Still, his income from legal fees forms a relatively insignificant part of the Clifford fortune, by his own account. Over the years, he has parlayed inside knowledge of federal business policy and his intimacy with business leaders into a handsome investment portfolio. He not only acquired holdings in many of the corporations he served as a lawyer, but went into the oil business himself, with assistance from executives of Phillips Petroleum. According to St. Louis Post-Dispatch reporter Marquis Childs, he admits to having "hit it big" in oil.

Cabinet nominees are customarily obliged to disclose publicly, before taking office, what securities they intend to give up and what they intend to retain. Charles Wilson (General Motors) and Robert McNamara (Ford) were rigorously and publicly cross-examined on their business connections before being confirmed as Defense secretaries. Clifford, however, during Senate confirmation hearings this year on his nomination as secretary of Defense, contented the Senate Armed Services Committee with a letter to Chairman Richard Russell stating only that he would resign from corporate law practice, "withdraw from the business ventures I am now participating in, and . . . sell all securities in companies doing business with the Department of Defense." There were "certain securities" that he proposed to keep. Russell's committee refused to divulge the list of Clifford's holdings and divestitures—a violation, in spirit at least, of the 1966 Public Information Act, which requires that all unclassified information be made available to the public on demand.

Clifford has been jack-of-all-trades to the last two administrations. In 1960, President-elect Kennedy, aware of Clifford's influence during the Eisenhower interregnum, chose him to supervise the transfer of power. Kennedy also appointed Clifford as a member, and later chairman, of the Foreign Intelligence Advisory Board (FIAB; supposedly a watchdog over the CIA). His fellow board members included such military/industrial chieftains as Frank Pace, former Army secretary and board chairman of General Dynamics; Robert Murphy, ex-undersecretary of State and chairman of Corning Glass International; General Jimmy Doolittle, board chairman of Space Technology Labs; William O. Baker, research vice president of Bell Telephone Labs; and Augustus Long, chief executive officer of Texaco.

The FIAB was reactivated specifically to investigate the CIA's role in the Bay of Pigs invasion of Cuba; how ironic that it should be composed of men with a vested interest in encouraging the subversion of governments—like Castro's—which are unfriendly to U.S. business. The appointment of Clifford was especially apt in view of his central role in setting up the CIA in 1946. And when Kennedy decided to replace Allen Dulles as CIA director, Clifford was considered for the post (he declined it). So congenial were the objectives of the CIA with those of his corporate clients that Clifford took a former CIA agent, Thomas Finney, into his law firm; now a campaign manager for Eugene McCarthy, Finney had done a three-year stint with the Agency in Denmark.

Clifford was one of the creators of COMSAT, the public/

Corporations in Government, Case Study No. 4:

[CLIFFORD AND A SHADY TRADE SCHOOL]

CLIFFORD BEGAN collecting clients long before leaving his post as special counsel to President Truman in 1950. Among the more disreputable was the Michigan School of Trades, accused by the General Accounting Office (GAO) of fraudulently collecting $1,313,000 under the GI Bill of Rights to train nonexistent students. The school's owner, a Mr. Peters, visited Clifford at the White House and retained his services for $25,000.

In July 1951, the Justice Department recommended that the million dollar claim be settled for $125,000. When the GAO protested that the Veterans Administration was withholding $190,000 in allegedly fraudulent GI Bill payments, the Justice Department insisted that the $65,000 difference be refunded to the school. The following year, during congressional hearings on influence in the Justice Department, it was revealed that Holmes Baldridge, assistant attorney general in charge of the claims division, had been appointed on the recommendation of Clark Clifford. Baldridge himself testified that Clifford had recommended him to head the antitrust division, but that he "had no knowledge" of Clifford's role in securing him the claims division post. He denied any influence by Clifford in getting the trade school off the hook.

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private corporation which handed paramount control of the Telstar communications satellite to AT&T, in one of the more flagrant examples of public charity for the big utilities. At Kennedy's request, he dissuaded leading steelmakers from a general increase in steel prices (they later raised prices selectively to achieve the same result), and last year he helped organize a committee of business executives to support Johnson's tax hike. And it was Clifford, primarily, who devised the plan for Lyndon Johnson to withdraw from the 1968 presidential race and simultaneously announce a southward shift of bombing tonnage in North Vietnam.

After the assassination of John Kennedy, Clifford was one of the first people Johnson called on to help plot the course of the new administration, and in the past few years he has become the President's most trusted advisor, with a strong, hawkish voice in formulating Vietnam policy. Clifford consistently opposed pauses or restrictions in the bombing of North Vietnam—until the last Tet offensive obliged him to reconsider. As chairman of the Presidential Advisory Committee on National Security, he made three junkets to Southeast Asia. And in September 1966, Clifford helped collect names for an ad in the New York Times—signed by 45 men representing powerful industrial and banking interests, including the House of Rockefeller and the House of Morgan—announcing total support for Johnson's Vietnam policies.

[CLIFFORD AS COAUTHOR OF THE COLD WAR]

To understand Clifford as defense secretary, one has to go back to 1947, when he drafted the major policy position that set the nation on the expansionist course we are still traveling today: the Truman Doctrine. Proclaimed by the President on March 12, 1947, it announced the era of America's role of global policeman and it fired the first official shot in what was shortly to become known as the Cold War. From it would flow NATO, the containment policy, and the wars in Korea and Vietnam.

The specific purpose of the Truman speech was to ask Congress to vote a program of military and economic aid to the governments of Greece and Turkey, especially Greece, which was engaged in suppressing an armed popular insurgency. But the speech went far beyond this particular request, announcing a new and sweeping reformulation of the stated goals of American foreign policy. From that time on, it would be the policy of traditionally "isolationist" America to extend its power over most of the world, intervening militarily and economically whenever Washington deemed it necessary to preserve "economic freedom" (free access for exploitation by U.S. capital) and maintain "political stability" (government control of the "unruly people," as George Kennan called them).

In effect, the Truman Doctrine affixed the presidential seal to U.S. moves to capture the old imperial preserves of Japan and the nations of Western Europe, then struggling to revive their own crippled economies. And just as U.S. intervention in Vietnam resulted from the "power vacuum" left by the French withdrawal, so the immediate cause of the President's request for a presence in Greece and Turkey was the economic crisis in England, which forced the British government to discontinue its military/economic aid to those countries. Gradually, as Britain loosened her hold on former satellite regions, the United States moved in to take her place.

The Truman Doctrine set America on a warpath that would begin in the mountains of Greece and lead to the rice paddies of Vietnam—in defense of "free peoples." But the Greeks, like the South Vietnamese, were hardly "free" by any standards. Washington intervened in Greece and Vietnam to prop up governments of the corrupt and reactionary upper classes, which had generally collaborated with Germany and Japan during the Second World War. Moreover, American intervention in Greece was designed to destroy the popular anti-fascist resistance movement, overwhelmingly composed, like the Vietnamese National Liberation Front, of peasants and other underprivileged classes. As British historian Arnold Toynbee told an American audience in 1961, "America is today the leader of a worldwide anti-revolutionary movement in defense of vested interests. She now stands for what Rome stood for. Rome consistently supported the rich against the poor in all foreign communities that fell under her sway. . . ." But of course, the U.S. did not intervene in Greece and Vietnam merely to help out some local fascists; as with Imperial Rome, the principal "vested interests" the United States has been defending for the past two decades are 100 per cent American.

Clark Clifford made the business motivations of the Truman Doctrine crystal clear in his draft of March 10, 1947, two days before the President read his message to Congress. Clifford made two additions to his earlier drafts. The first stated that "there had been a worldwide trend away from the system of free enterprise toward state-controlled economies; that continued chaos in other countries and pressure exerted upon them from without would mean the end of free enterprise and democracy in those countries; and finally, that the *disappearance of free enterprise in other nations would threaten our economy* and our democracy." (Summarized from Clifford's draft by Joseph M. Jones, then a State Department official; our italics.)

Clifford's second substantive addition to the March 10th draft emphasized the strategic importance of Greece to control of the Middle East with its oil resources "which should not be under the exclusive control of any single nation." (Jones' summary.) After discussion with Undersecretary of State Dean Acheson, however, Clifford agreed that these particular arguments for the Truman Doctrine were politically inadvisable and should be deleted—not because they did not express its intent; on the contrary, they revealed too much.

What worried Acheson about Clifford's first addition was that the reference to "state-controlled economies" might be interpreted in Congress as an argument against aid to Britain, which had a Labour government at the time and had nationalized a few industries. As for the second insertion, Acheson did not want an official administration pronouncement implying that American oil companies should muscle in on British dominance in the Middle East oil fields. But in fact, this is exactly what happened. Benefiting directly from the Truman Doctrine and the Cold War policies that flowed from it (such as the later CIA coup in Iran), U.S. corporations came to control nearly 60 per cent of Middle East oil resources—compared to less than ten per cent prior to the Second World War.

The corporate dividends from Greece were almost as impressive. Twenty years after the Truman Doctrine, while democracy in Greece (such as it was) lay prostrate under a

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U.S.-trained and supplied military *junta*, the conglomerate Litton Industries of Beverly Hills was receiving an $800 million cost-plus contract from the *junta* colonels to promote "free enterprise."

[THE WAR CRY OF AMERICAN BUSINESS]

THE COLD WAR, BY ACCELERATING monopolistic concentration and state intervention in the economy, had of course put the *coup de grâce* to that "free enterprise system" which Clifford and his colleagues so lovingly —and cynically—invoked. In reality, the corporate liberals were nearly as dedicated in their opposition to "free enterprise" as they were to communism. Clifford's role as an antitrust lawyer—defending corporate giants accused of dividing markets, fixing prices and generally conspiring to eliminate free competition—is a dramatic case in point.

Significantly, all the leading Cold Warriors saved their moralisms about "freedom" and "communist totalitarianism" for the general public. When they talked about Cold War policy privately, they talked *business*. War Secretary Forrestal, for example, wrote on March 3, 1947: "I felt very strongly that the world would only be brought back to order by restoration of commerce, trade and business, and that would have to be done by businessmen. . . ." Domestically, Forrestal favored further concentration of industry, urging the government to "encourage and not discourage business. . . . That would take the form of freedom from unnecessary prosecutions, etc. . . ."

The real motivations of the postwar "internationalism" expressed in the Truman Doctrine were enunciated in terms normally reserved for Marxists and businessmen, even before the war was over. Dean Acheson, then assistant secretary of State, told a congressional committee in 1944: "It seems that we are in for a very bad time, so far as the economic and social position of the country is concerned. We cannot go through another ten years like the ten years at the end of the '20s and the beginning of the '30s, without having the most far-reaching consequences upon our economic and social system. When we look at that problem we may say it is a problem of markets. You don't have a problem of production. . . . We have got to see that what the country produces is used and is sold under financial arrangements which make its production possible. . . . Under a different system you could use the entire production of the country in the U.S. . . . You could possibly fix it so that everything produced here would be consumed here. But that would completely change our Constitution, our relations to property, human liberty, our very conceptions of law. And nobody contemplates that. Therefore, you find that you must look to other markets and those markets are abroad."

One State Department official called the Truman Doctrine "a war cry." Clark Clifford said it was in the "historic tradition" of such business-motivated, interventionist texts as the Monroe Doctrine and the Open Door policy in China. As such, it had an immediate and profound impact on the international political situation, especially in Europe. Truman had thrown down the gauntlet—the world was divided between two alternative ways of life, and "nearly every nation must choose" between them. Neutrality was deemed unacceptable by the rules of the official, anticommunist extremism which has dominated U.S. foreign policy for two decades.

This proclamation, backed by the entire diplomatic/military/economic arsenal at Washington's command, had dramatic effects. In the ensuing months communists were ousted from the cabinets of France and Italy; the noncommunist Smallholders Party in Hungary was eviscerated and the noncommunist Peasants Party in Poland reduced to impotence. By fall, Moscow had organized the Cominform, which issued a counter-challenge to the Truman Doctrine, echoing the message of fundamental world division. The year 1948 saw the coup d'état in Czechoslovakia, the Berlin blockade and airlift, the expulsion of Yugoslavia from the Cominform, and the first steps toward NATO, which was formed the following year.

[COMING HOME TO ROOST]

THE COLD WAR HAS MEANT permanent mobilization, a peacetime conscription unique in American history, a militarism alien to American traditions, gigantism in government, and a vast extension of that incestuous relationship between government, the corporations and the military which had grown up during World War II. It has meant Pyrrhic hot wars for control of two strategic Asian peninsulas. It has meant an unbelievable accumulation of surplus capital in the United States, capital panting for profitable, "economically free" and "politically stable" places to invest. Since the Second World War the yearly outflow of U.S. investment capital has increased *fifteen-fold*—from $230 million to over $3 billion annually.

The role of the military/political Cold War program in providing these capital outlets was gratefully acknowledged in recent comments by a man who should know: Alfred Wentworth, vice president for Far Eastern operations of the Chase Manhattan Bank. "In the past," he said in a summer 1965 interview, "foreign investors have been somewhat wary of the overall political prospect for the [Southeast Asia] region. I must say, though, that the U.S. actions in Vietnam this year—which have demonstrated that the U.S. will continue to give effective protection to the free nations of the region—have considerably reassured both Asian and Western investors. In fact, I see some reason for hope that *the same sort of economic growth may take place in the free economies of Asia that took place in Europe after the Truman Doctrine* and after NATO provided a protective shield. The same thing also took place in Japan after the U.S. intervention in Korea removed investor doubts." (Italics added.)

It was on the Cold War that Clark Clifford rode to power, as its organization manservant. It was on the Cold War that Clifford rode to fortune, in his 18 years of arranging multimillion dollar favors for the corporations that benefit most from war and overseas investment. And now, as the slaughter he consistently advocated in Vietnam grows to ever more bloody climaxes, as the crisis of American empire grows ever more intense, it is only fitting that Clifford should be appointed secretary of Defense—at the very center of the military/industrial power network—and face the consequences of a 20-year policy of unbridled greed and indifference to suffering. Because all the chickens, as Malcolm X prophesied, are coming home to roost.

Reporters: Judy Buchbinder, David Kolodney, Marc Sommer, John Spitzer.

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Back-of-the-Book

Three Poems by Victor Hernandez Cruz

1.

MELLOW

& real red grass went around in 1962 / year of driving
into highways / like shooting stars / 1963 came sudden
disaster / lions shitted the tops of buildings / holes in
their arms / year of bathtub full of bricks so pretty
on top of police car / but lions were gone / into the blue
air / the holes & secrets of their heads / 63 of burning
skin / ash black furniture sails away on garbage trucks /
but not cause of real red grass / the red trucks of big
men in rubber / taking their time / letting the people burn
halfway into 63 / the stairs were cracking / the wind blew a
different smell / more heads went down / stories of big build-
ings & elevators / with clean ladies of desire / cocaine fall-
ing out of their walls / willie bobo on timbales / the bangs
made circles / indians came with colors / painted warriors /
64 of pregnant girls / morning mothers hanging out of doors /
exchange hands / fast /
at the market you make a turn
a great event /
the turn of floating / of
sky rockets & missiles / bright yellow smoke / music lifted &
glued to everything / iron & cement / bounce off wood / of glass
off of silver /
riding thru the air / lips bubbling nonsense /
eyelids tear out / 64 goes /
65 came in cars / & baby boys / in
anti-poverty jokes / newly high girls vomiting the dance
posters / middle aged men cut in half / at the peak of their
bravery / at their hottest point / 65 of rains / leaning against
the wall / the sofa soft / cotton clouds / blinking eyes / like
windows / staring out at a lone fire / floating high in the
black emptiness / lost / mellow forever.

2.

their poem continued

what are you looking in that store window for what are you
looking
to die with jingle bells by whores i know from
lexington ave. who now make it with politicians
to die by a christmas tree all the lights
on you
with $110 in the bank a ring on your fingers
a shelve with two books . . . . . dictionary
to die with this

you don't want this
instead look how you dance talk & scream how you shine
the lip stick it's ugly let me tell you take it off
it's bad for the hallway leaning against the mailboxes
how much better it could be the wind falling on your face
drag your ass this way when your mother would come
& not see us when you almost giggled
it just ain't right she said
they broke the windows & put holes in the building
& Elba's son Ray wanted to be a doctor
he deals medicine to get high on now

WE TOOK WILLY HOME WITH HIS EYES DRAGGING ON THE STAIRS

he gave Barbara a baby & she left him & married
now has a house in Brooklyn & Perry Como records
she plays for her guests she won't come around
because it's too dirty her husband is stupid
bought a big car he didn't know them white folks
like little ones to put liberal magazines on the back seats
they even have pan cakes for breakfast

Judy got a secretary job
with a lawyer
pays good
she likes it
because she carries
a brief case & newspaper

when she goes dancing saturday her bottle of Wilson
sticks out of her pocket book
maybe i should tell her

Tito standing with me as we listened to my uncle's
stupid advice he thought he was smart & really
believed what he said

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Rosa is not married her son is now in school
she keeps it up her mother's house when she parties
that big house on the corner where i got lost
chasing her friends one time in the dark
room to room my hands in the air
hoping for better things to touch

she had a fake brother we never saw him
but they say he was in jail

Julio wears 42 dollar knits with gators
& shining slacks that were hand made
because he works overtime & deals cocaine
his girl loves him they want to get married in the fall
they will wear rings & walk together on third avenue
her stomach falling in front of her he will offer soda
& run down:
                do we need milk or something

Carlos with cons & new blue shades goes to college
plays pool at the bar on the corner of 109th street

either i'm stupid or i don't know what you're talking about
he said
turning to look in the mirror
                middle-class stupidity staring
                at him

Chino came back with an Army suit on i guess this was
supposed to be hip
when he walked with his old girl & took pictures
by the park
he kissed his mother hard & caught a train back

Carmen
there was three Carmens this one from the projects
we went to the East River when it rain & stared
at the water but not for long
Norma came & stay with Harold in the shadow of a tree

Carmen stares at my clothes & wonders
why i don't wear knits like all the people
she talks to me now when i visit though
she thinks i'm a little crazy

Helen is a jewish neighbor so i told her what the names
meant
we lived on the same block i explained to her
we went upstate together
we came out together
went dancing together
gave our girls babies together
went on junk together
& didn't get off together

Helen did not understand

(O funny it used to be babycakes but not no more funny)

Mildred was big
somehow she got small & skinny she visits me
sat on me half a day once telling me lies
& kissing me showing me the things her boyfriend
buys her a good leather jacket & beatnik ear rings
a new book by Dracula or somebody she smiles
on the train going uptown i'm sweating bricks

Benny writes to me from jail
he robbed a drug store & beat a policeman up on
broadway then he stole a car & was caught
kissing the tires in Florida

JADE TURNED INTO JIVE DUST
        WONDERED IF IT WAS VOODOO
i told him it was panamanian red when he recovered
he lowered his head & continued to ask what happened

Candy was the girl i was to marry
but we ran into storms & i had to bust her lip
one time
& she didn't speak to me & winter came
i saw her shadow going past me the last time

LiL. Man always comes around with his scars
& his son that runs & walks
LiL. Man would understand even now when i see him

he wonders
why i still carry a knife
them days are over he tells me & i stare at him
& he understands

maybe that last one was too close to me
she got upset when i put my hand in her blouse
she made coffee for me
&
all these years how old i must be getting
but no
        i turn to the mirror & stare at my youth
        & wonder at my intelligence.

3.

the education

the second floor
belongs to larry
hanging from the
light bulbs
insulting
respectable educators
likewise the bathroom
is his

(better not open the
 door & let all that
 smoke get out)

moving between doors
& bells
& small dark rooms
where you could smoke
or snort garbage cans
full of coke

(only a paid fool
 would say this didn't
 happen - - - - - -

victor hernandez cruz

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Bagging It, by Carl Oglesby

BEYOND BLACK LAUGHTER

THE BAG. *By Sol Yurick. New York: Trident Press. 476 pp. $6.95.*

THE REVIEWING OF NOVELS is a petty and lackluster craft which implies, moreover, a host of social relations which Sol Yurick's new book implicitly denies.

In brief, social continuity: author and novel are made familiar entities by the reviewer's casual preoccupation with character, plot and language. The propositions of the novel, new or used, are either elevated to the status of truths or reduced to that of novelties. In either case, they are put out of action. Americans want sensibility and nerve. Substance is the window through which style exposes itself, ideas the toys of imagination, things which novelists acquire mainly in order to give function and motive to form. If an affective plausibility is achieved, enough is done. It is even a bit crude to want more. One wants meaning, of course, but almost any meaning will do: Roth today, Capote tomorrow, Updike sometime. One awaits the next performance. Enriched a bit if the book is good but not damaged if it is bad, the social history of man absorbs the addition and unflinchingly continues.

But what Yurick is trying to do in *The Bag* is deal with the immediate, pressing reality of America's psychosocial ruptures—the tearing of all cultural bags, the breaking of bounds and limits, the disgorging of the contents of identity categories: the mindfuck of the current situation.

The title of the book, precisely, is also the name of the book's agonist: the idea of fixed, continuing, serviceable social relations. The action of the book: the dismemberment of that idea in contemporary America. The writer cannot write, the painter cannot paint, the governed cannot be governed, the ruler cannot rule. Violently assaulted with the existential fact of their inadequacies and frauds, men's bags burst. Each bag's contents bleed into others; social structure decomposes. In the end, experience becomes pure cascade and all categories but one lose whatever power they may have had to shape experience by transcending it. The one bag which is left at the end—more accurately, the one which emerges, not pieced together out of the ruins, but on the contrary precisely that torrent of ruination itself—is revolution.

But not revolution as we know it from conceptual meditations on the past. This new, rough and most American social realism becomes disfigured but is perhaps also made more chaste by its passage through Freud, Stalin and Sartre. Its most acute perception, a despairing one, is of the immense uncreating power of its modern enemy, the bewildered technostate. Historical optimism has therefore taken refuge in the orgasm:

"There you are in your split-level and the soft trees murmur and the crickets sound and the soft skylight of the late-late moon lights the asphalt and romantic shadows bathe the carport; sweet air and there is a little bushquiver and maybe a nightingale and what's the soft sweet hum coming up the road and what's that distant tinkle? And then the flames will lick your sleep and prickle up and you know the beast you used to kill every night while you slept has come. Many are called and *all* will be chosen. Welcome me with open thighs because I want to wake you up and set you free. . . . Just get out into the driveway and watch it go up."

I HAVE SEEN THREE reviews of *The Bag*. Richard Ellmann's in the Times Book Review (May 19) is small-minded in its distaste. Thomas Lask in the Times of June 4, and John Leonard in the May 24 Life, seem to me equally small-minded in their enthusiasm. The approving reviewers, and probably Ellmann too, agree that Yurick's picture is accurate. But there the understanding stops. Lask makes explicit a response which Leonard implies: that Yurick seems to be saying the situation is so bad there is nothing to do but laugh.

And there it is again, that last ditch, that final bag: *irony*. Irony becomes now, in the hands of the black humorists and their critics, the supremely *political* device by means of which the horror is to be lived with instead of destroyed, the device by means of which Lear's Fool remains present in the crumbling throne room, remains loyal. Unable to detach himself from the breaking categories which had formerly seemed to make life orderly and sane, the modern man decides to *prefer* the life of alienation and erects an impressive philosophical subsystem through which his fundamental loyalty to the discredited but coercive primary system can be continued: there have always been victims; therefore, laugh. Unable to face the consequences of the need to destroy the seemingly indestructible, the new moral picaro (anti-hero, black hero) decides to revolt instead against the cosmos (Camus), against aspiration itself (Beckett, Burroughs), or, observing that for the lucky (white, Anglo-Saxon, middle-class) there are certain loopholes in history, one opts for simple desertion (Heller), another technique for escaping a condition defined as intolerable and unchangeable. Black humor is gallows humor where gallows and society define each other and practical resistance is reduced to chagrined consent.

Yurick is above all trying not to laugh. You are not allowed to laugh at the society that destroys Minnie Devlin, black "unreachable" earth-and-welfare mother, or her unprinced consort, Sam Miller, the typical hypersensitized Jewish writer-intellectual. They laugh sometimes; Yurick, too. But the laughter does not become modish or reassuring or *black*. It does not try to represent itself as a political method. Yurick refuses the private solution to the social problem. That is, he refuses solitude.

This constitutes the fine anti-wisdom of the book. No grey-bearded, mellow meditation on the endless folly of it all. No twilight smiles or gentle, melancholy winks or comradely pokes in the ribs between you and the cosmos. Besides this particular concrete world—U.S.A., the '60s—an American has no other. Laugh in the street, you'll get your teeth kicked in. Still laugh, they'll tear out your face. Deal with this: no escapes.

Black humor is intellectualized blues. It's what happens to blues when the singer goes to college and remains a slave. Another set of changes and a few new modes, sure, but politically understood, black humor remains blues. Within its most basic psychosocial structures,

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it continues both to express and to conceal that forced acceptance of the unacceptable which is the whole functional definition of blues. *Blues:* a method of dealing with the world by changing the subject from horror to response-to-horror; a subversiveness that refuses to complete its dreams in other than artifactual terms; at one and the same time a demand for revolution and a refusal to make it; a death sentence which will not be carried out. *Black humor:* another moral irony whose function is to destroy the political imperative of the situation. The argument for revolt is slipped at the last moment, and instead of shooting, someone laughs.

A howl of black laughter: angry and momentous—the tumblers of the universe are heard to drop. This, at least, is what the deeper critics will claim to have heard. "Since we have found here a method of transcending everything, even God, who needs to bother anymore with the merely historical?" The rulers in particular seem to be moved by this reasoning; theatres and stipends appear almost overnight.

YURICK IS NOT WRITING black humor. What, then?

It would be easy to call it contemporary history. After all, the book is about riots, counterinsurgency, New Left activists, black militants, liberal politicians, jargon-mongering careerists, radical intellectuals in the grip of the revolutionary need. But this would be misleading. He is writing instead about the living through of events which remain unclosed. Minnie remains permanently a torment, an affront and a victim. In her name—in behalf too of the other victims: those whom the convergent pressures of social insight, compassion, need and the brute logic of events compel to take positions which they cannot hold—Yurick stops his book, does not finish it, with the imperative which has not yet united with its concrete possibility: "Just get out into the driveway and watch it go up."

The story is as simple and complex as the newspapers; it opens in the welfare office and closes in a riot. There is nothing at all perfect about Yurick's handling: 50 pages to set a stage the newspapers have already set very well, a bad ear for New Left bullshit and a promiscuous one for black jive; worse, a recurrent tendency to stage-manage crises with pure language, the poet in him being summoned to do the work of the dramatist, the word made to function like the deed.

But that's all right; there are enough deeds, and the poetry very often works. And it is in any case poetry itself—the literary bag—which operates within the drama as a pressure among others, a supplicant to events. This is a crucial point.

The Life reviewer calls the central figure, Sam Miller, a "failed novelist." Lask, of the Times, calls him a writer "with a block." On the contrary. Miller has just finished a novel which his publisher is convinced is a best seller, and the "block" has absolutely nothing to do with the run-of-the-mill burnt-out writer's psyche with which a hundred novels have made us familiar. What Miller is going through, rather, and what requires him to withdraw his best seller, goes much deeper: how can a man write novels when the world is what the Missile Crisis and Minnie reveal it to be? Novel writing (like reviewing) implies a continuity of culture via its institutions. The novel surrounds itself with tacit assumptions by embedding itself in an actual world of publishers, distribution systems, agents, contracts, stores, buyers, critics, etc. It becomes a social commodity and hence an implicit affirmation of the society's institutional powers of veto and approval. It reifies the concrete world order in which novel writing is one job among others. When the novel comes forward to attack that very world, the artist is forced to recognize himself in a relation of duplicity: form affirming what content negates, gesture undercut by the ground on which it is made.

So Miller withdraws his manuscript, effectively immobilized by an insight which might as well be reduced to this: to be morally able to write novels, he must refuse to write novels.

And what about Yurick himself, whose own "best seller" (maybe it will be one: the first printing sold out in a month, full page ads in the Times, nibbles from Hollywood) was *not* withdrawn?

A familiar problem. Doomed apparently to eke out a parasitic existence on the body of a host whom he despises, the bourgeois artist cum-revolutionary-sans-revolution takes his own tail between his teeth and starts gobbling away. "What shall I tell them?" says Brecht in one of his poems, thinking of the capitalist theatres, the capitalist audiences. Many, no doubt, have disappeared in the inner mazes of this question.

That the artist is put into precisely this relation with his culture, that his purity (or integrity or sanity) cannot survive outside the confines of an intentional silence which, however, will not become any the more audible or powerful for being intended, is the concreteness of his particular oppression and servitude—of his own stark human need for revolution. The bag of bags. The raw, daily experience of this need is what makes so much of the best of modern Western writing so viciously eccentric. It is what obligates Norman Mailer, for example, to play the ego-game of the Court Clown. But the acute, sustained encounter with this need is what makes Yurick's novel strong. Without self-pity or self-contempt, he has taken the measure of his own servitude. He has not denied it or tried to turn it into a virtue of sensibility. He has not pretended that understanding it is the same thing as a victory over it or that victory is expendable. Above all, he has refused to laugh.

CINEMA

As Others See Us

IF YOU THOUGHT Richard Lester's previous film, "How I Won the War," was a lot of yocks—and apparently there are those who did, laughing *bitterly*, you understand, but laughing all the same—then Richard Lester's "Petulia" will roll you on the floor. But "Petulia" is not a funny movie. I mention this because some combination of Lester's reputation and the reviews (only Rex Reed, bless his waxy heart, had the gall to apply an adjective like "hilarious") led me to expect a comedy. Uh-uh.

"Petulia" does resemble Lester's comedies, especially "The Knack." There are a lot of frantic cuts through time and space, brief editorial snatches, kooky walk-ons, absurd props, *bits*. But the audience never seems to laugh as a body. Instead, there is this spatter of isolated

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THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION IS UNDER A CLOUD.

A cloud of smoke that pours out om all the back rooms of all the emocratic wards in the country.

The smoke of a machine.

Smoke that fills the eyes of bservers until they cannot see.

But this year they have to see.

Because this year, at the Demo-atic convention, the country ight begin to take a new direction.

The party hacks may like things ie way they are, but 50 percent f the Democrats voting in the rimaries voted for a change.

The Coalition for an Open onvention plans to bring a half illion people to the convention show that they meant it.

The Mobilization is talking bout another 100,000.

And a New Party is ready to e launched if the Democrats fuse to listen.

And so a lot will be happening the convention.

But it is possible that it will l be lost in the smoke.

And that the people who come it won't have much effect ecause of the confusion.

And that the people at home on't be able to do anything ecause they won't know what is oing on.

What is needed is a new kind of communication at the convention.

And this is what we hope to provide.

SUNDAY/FRIDAY will be a daily paper published from the convention by students.

It will start on 'SUNDAY', August 25, and continue through the following 'FRIDAY'.

Its reporters will be the most talented young writers from the best student newspapers in the country.

The editorial board will consist of the editors-in-chief of the Chicago Maroon (University of Chicago), the Daily Bruin (UCLA), the Daily Minnesota (University of Minnesota), the Daily Texan (University of Texas), the Harvard Crimson, the MIT Tech, the Michigan Daily (University of Michigan), and the Yale Daily News, to name a few.

We will have a reporter assigned to every delegation. And many more assigned to the campaign staffs and the various insurgent movements.

Our writers and editors have followed the campaign from New Hampshire and know it as well as anyone can.

But most important, SUNDAY/FRIDAY will not be a part of the establishment press.

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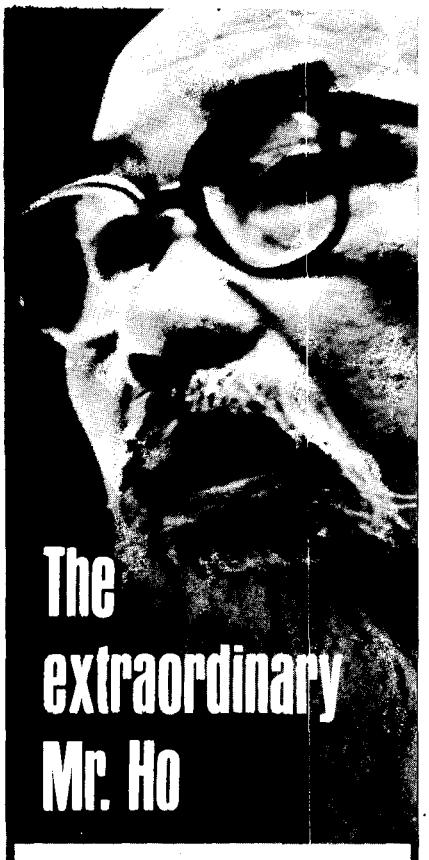

EVEN to the East, Ho Chi Minh's past, with its baffling breaks and pseudonyms, is riddled with mystery.

This biography is the first to fill in some of the huge gaps in the life of this small, genial, marvelously articulate man with a wisp of a white beard and a tremendous sense of humor, whose impact on the entire world has been so momentous.

It discloses new areas of the past and personality of this mandarin's son who disarms even his enemies, who outwitted and out-fought the French, Japanese, and Chinese, and today holds the world's greatest power at bay, this amazing man of many aliases and one overriding passion—his country.

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Ho Chi Minh

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RANDOM HOUSE

Photo: Charles Bonnay—Black Star

haws, as various individuals succumb to the insanity for a moment and then regain control. I hawed a few times myself. *Bitterly*, you understand.

After "How I Won the War," everyone discoursed knowingly about Brecht and the alienation effect, about how all that distancing was peculiarly appropriate to an emotionally exhausted subject like war. Soon, we figured, he'd return to entertainment. But instead of giving up the alienation effect in "Petulia," Lester has intensified it. The word that keeps coming to mind is the psychoanalytic term, "affectlessness," doubly apt because it is so affectless itself—just like "Petulia," which both exhibits and embodies an emotionless state. Lester's characters carom between catatonia and desperate involvement, lacking a natural flow of feeling in either case. Lester stays right between—his interest is as clinical as a lab technician's.

Visually, the film is exasperating, especially for those of us who detest flashbacks. From the very start Lester intercuts images of the past—innocuous or gruesome, instantaneous or anecdotal—with no visual or narrative warning. There are many cuts, but not a fade or dissolve in the entire movie. There isn't even much of the shifting focus that used to delight Lester so. Lester has never used many mechanicals, but in this film you really miss them—the staccato editing picks at your nerves. It is a perfect vehicle for the compulsive, self-conscious neuroticism that afflicts the characters, but it is still not any easier on the senses.

What's more, I'm sure Lester wanted it that way. In "Muriel," a film similar in theme and treatment, Alain Resnais achieves a serene mystery with virtually the same technique. Resnais' colors are more subdued and his camera movement is smoother; furthermore, his cuts rarely bridge as much time or space as do Lester's. But most of the difference is simply in the narrative tone. Resnais achieves mystery because his story is mysterious, not to say obscure; its people, whatever their strange hang-ups and economic problems, are aristocratic and inscrutable. In "Petulia," everything is known. The characters are rich Californians who hate themselves and each other. In other words, they are what people who go to movies like "Petulia" fear themselves to be.

I was delighted that Lester set the film in San Francisco, a move which undercut the usual geographical-stereotypical expectations of its audiences. This sneak play so befuddled the New York Times critic that she ended up praising the film's "evocation of the quality of life in Southern California." Angelenos always get the rap. Not only are they rich and at war with themselves, they are *vulgar*, and that is worse. Lester knows that vulgarity has many guises. The people in "Petulia" have culture, taste, all that stuff, yet it doesn't even begin to save them. In fact, it damns them twice.

"Petulia" is a satire that never comes off, done so artfully that you wonder, almost, whether it is a satire at all. There is a startling proliferation of goods on the screen, yet (except for an unfortunate early scene in an automated motel) Lester never pulls a Mike Nichols on us. He picks on no one and nothing; he is as fair to the inanimate objects in this film as he is to the people. We never feel that Lester is horrified, offended or amused by anything that passes in front of his camera. He may well be aware of the appropriate reaction; he may know, for example, that it is horrifying for Richard Chamberlain (excellent) to beat Julie Christie (present, which is always enough for me) nearly to death, or offensive for Joseph Cotton (superb) to conceal the beating, or amusing for a black hippie to tell George C. Scott (as usual) that he (the hippie) is on a "Polish trip." But he doesn't allow the reaction to register. The alienation effect is always in control. Lester is just setting everything down.

And how else are you going to make a film about The Alienation of Modern Man? There simply are no subjects that aren't over-exploited and emotionally castrated. War movies titillate our blood lust; alienation movies tease our self-pity. What's the difference? "Petulia" makes our eyes twitch and offers no salve of moralism. It's silly to ask anything more of it.

"THE FIFTH HORSEMAN IS FEAR" has been reviewed ecstatically by the liberal critics, who apparently enjoy watching the Nazis get flailed as much as the Czechs enjoy wielding the whip. Personally, when I need instruction in the dangers of fascism, I listen to Hubert Humphrey on the 11 o'clock news.

GEORGE AXELROD, reportedly an acerb fellow, presents Hollywood's case for therapeutic adultery in "The Secret

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Life of an American Wife." It's thoroughly stupid except when Walter Matthau and Anne Jackson are on the screen together. They redeem the unredeemable. You could do worse on a hot August night than take in the two of them—assuming your theater is air-conditioned.

"THE BRIDE WORE BLACK," François Truffaut's tribute to Hitchcock, is recommended to anyone who subscribes to *Cahiers du Cinéma*. I don't. Apparently I missed dozens of clever allusions, but I did notice that this film, unlike any of Hitchcock's, tells an uninteresting story.

—ROBERT CHRISTGAU

BOOKS

The Lower Depths

GOTHIC POLITICS IN THE DEEP SOUTH. *By Robert Sherrill. New York: Grossman. 324 pp. $6.75.*

THERE IS A PECULIARLY sanguine variety of economic determinism that sees racist politics in the Deep South fading in the dawn of a new-South economic boom. But a close look at the same-old-South economic squeeze reveals the same old rednecks and peckerwoods, many of them now in the cities, being hustled by the same old pitchmen, subsidized and patronized by the same old rich men. And lots of folks, black and white together, are the losers.

This is the thesis of Robert Sherrill, Dixie's homegrown H. L. Mencken, in his new bestiary (there are toads, hawks, wolves and foxes) and anatomy (there are scrotums, hyperthyroids, cardiacs and cancers) of the personalities and patrons of Deep South politics.

Sherrill details the different local brands of cynical, race-using politicians: Louisiana's Leander Perez, the religious defender of the white faith, especially on the Perez plantation in the swamps; Georgia's Herman Talmadge, the weak inheritor of rural racism, edging toward a patriotic, suburban brand of his own; Arkansas' Orval Faubus, the prototype loser of federal battles to preserve his local tenure; Florida's George Smathers, the Golden Hatchetman with racism as his career-opener and spoilsmanship as his profession; Mississippi's Jim Eastland, the mudcat McCarthyist, gaveling wildly in the U.S. Senate against the Red and the Black; South Carolina's Strom Thurmond, a political party unto himself, piously wrestling everything in sight; Alabama's (and America's) George Wallace, the bantamweight always probing for the political jugular; and lesser Favorite Sons-of-Bitches.

No matter that Faubus is currently up a creek without a patronage paddle; Smathers is edging himself out to less official pastures; Talmadge, Thurmond and even Eastland are, all things considered, more fart than ferocity in the ultimate scheme of national power; Perez is possibly not immortal; and Wallace has suddenly run out of trusted kin. These men have in fact paved the way for more reactionary, if sometimes more dignified, types. Sherrill convinces us when he concludes that the past decade of flickering, fainthearted federal intervention on behalf of civil rights will not soon alter the basic condition: "Long after the pitchmen have become decorous, and after even sheriffs come to look upon the country-lane murders of civil rights workers as unheroic, and after the loud disenfranchisement of black citizens ends, the negative power of this region will continue to shoot up like prickly hedgerows between the races. Laws may make life more endurable for the blacks, but only time will bring the pleasant blandness of equality, for Dixie's mischief is in the blood and must burn itself out."

For several years now Sherrill has been doing for the America of starvation what Mike Harrington did for the America that lives in invisible poverty. He has rediscovered and reemphasized the human tragedy beneath the political loose talk and statistics. His pieces in The Nation and the New York Times Sunday Magazine revealed stark hunger in such sensational locales as Senator Eastland's plantation and sparked the recent national publicity and legislative clucking. In the present volume, too, we can feel his outrage: "Choose any shanty; only the number of bodies inside will vary. Here is a mother and six children, residents of Washington County, against the river. Four of the children are asleep on the floor. They sleep most of the day as well as all night. Their lips and legs

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are covered with scabs and open sores. The youngest has a distended stomach and from it the umbilical knot sticks out like a valve from an innertube. Some days they eat nothing. Most days they have one meal, of cornmeal. . . ."

The underlying political tragedy is described only in passing. This is the systematic furrowing of a natural democratic Populism by bigotry, babbittry, bellicosity and Biblicism into the national seedbed of fascism. These seeds have been shipped to Dallas and Los Angeles, for all the more sunshine and irrigation, and spread to the burned-over industrial turf of the North, to germinate and flower into racist politics for the "forgotten white working man." The South may be underdeveloped, but it has become America's political vanguard thanks to its war industry economy, the well funded, hysterical witch hunting aimed at unions and blacks and the commercialism gripping its soul.

SHERRILL DESCRIBES the careers of the men who swept away almost all remnants of democratic populism and New Deal progressivism in the Deep South. Thurmond had traveled under the banner of the New Deal in the '30s and '40s before riding the revenge-seeking machine of Jimmy Byrnes to create an independent South Carolina Dixiecrat force that paved the way for Goldwaterism. Smathers had been nurtured politically by Senator Claude Pepper on a diet of Roosevelt-worship before using every Red- and black-baiting trick in the book to unseat his white-maned mentor in 1950. Faubus reportedly never saw a Negro in his early poor-boy mountain years in Arkansas. He rose to power on public-expenditure progressivism and moderation on civil rights, then allied himself with Klan politics in his Little Rock schoolhouse drama to gain a third term. Wallace began as a Populist ally of Big Jim Folsom (who attacked Big Business and appealed positively for Negro support) but, as Sherrill generously puts it, "like great but tragic Populist Tom Watson half a century ago, [Wallace] decided he could not really get to the top and stay there by dealing in economic problems and that he would have to bow to what Watson bitterly had called 'the inevitable nigger question.' "

Behind this searing system, according to Sherrill, is the frustrated fundamentalism among white folks—about the Bible, the Constitution, about eternal verities and control over their lives in a time of war, commercial speedup and changing national racial "policy" without an accompanying new political, administrative and economic order. Arch-conservative political use of this popular frustration was subsidized and encouraged by the central economic royalists of these states: the Big Mules of Alabama industrial finance; the Coca-Cola and insurance establishments of Atlanta; the private utility interests of Arkansas; the landed resource exporters of Louisiana; the banker-planters of Mississippi; the Dixie du Pont cousins of Florida; and the Barnwell barons of South Carolina, all seasoned liberally by a growing military pork barrel.

Their achievement as manipulators is to hold together a coalition of hapless rednecks and royalist "good people." This coalition, Sherrill shows, is welded by racism. "Peckerwoods ride by and shoot into Negro shanties at night; good people refuse to distribute federal surplus food to hungry Negroes in the winter, thus insuring their eager return to the fields at $3 a day come spring. . . . It is . . . those who, merrily sucking a jawful of Red Man tobacco, are willing to work and sweat to dig a grave in the night to hide their murder, and that smaller group . . . called the 'uptown Ku Klux Klan'—men of substance who would not think of night riding, either to kill or to catch a killer; they are the Rotary Club of Indianola who did their civic duty by buying more riot guns for the local police when the SNCC youngsters came to town, not the farmers who later burned down the Freedom Labor Union's headquarters. Nine low-class white men were convicted of bombing Negro homes in McComb, an offense that could have brought death penalties, but it was a middle-class judge who put them on probation with the excuse that they had been 'unduly provoked' by civil rights workers who were 'of low morality and unhygienic.' "

Why would they want to change? So long as the economic climate for business remains "friendly" (subsidy for industrialists, policing for welfare rolls), the tax structure remains "broad-based" (regressive personal sales tax), industrial relations remain "harmonious" (no unions), and military and public works pork barrels are administered "responsibly" (the big 'uns get the contracts), why try to root out a little racism on the hustings and behind the back, pentecostal fascism on the airwaves and petty patronage in the statehouse? Sometimes Deep South business leaders advertise for moderation in the New York Times, to perfume over the latest bombing or assassination. But more typical is the performance of the president of Hammerhill Paper Company, who sat beside Governor George Wallace a few hours after 2600 people had been jailed for demonstrations in Selma and announced that he had decided to build a $25 million plant at Selma, because "my company had investigated the character of the community and received nothing but fine reports."

In the areas where the rural Populist movement was crushed and diverted and the suppression of integrated organized labor left the struggling white Southern worker behind with the struggling black, gospel-hour politics have been the basic source of information and inspiration. The Message is frequently sponsored by new-rich Southerners or Southwesterners like H. L. Hunt, and by trickle-downs from the always-rich sugar daddies men-

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tioned above. It is often articulated half-wittingly by disciplined graduates of places like the "buckle on the Bible Belt," Bob Jones University of Greenville, South Carolina (to which Sherrill devotes a chapter). The Message usually equates states rights in the Constitution with baptism in the Bible and sanctifies suppression of the blacks and of the unions (Billy Graham once described the Garden of Eden as a place where there were "no union dues, no labor leaders, no snakes, no disease"). The rest is left to the imagination and the political follow-up men.

It is remarkable that Sherrill can describe this intellectual miasma in a tone that is, somehow, not despairing. His source of confidence lies, evidently, in his belief that America will not follow the South's racist lead. Thus he concludes his vignette on George Wallace: "If national politics has a place for a man with that rigidity, then Governor Wallace, with his proven ability to rally the masses, may have a fine future ahead. But for his type there is no middle ground, and if he has guessed wrong, then he can at best hope to wind up beside that old broken musketeer, Ross Barnett, in Dixie's wax museum."

To many readers, though, Sherrill's pessimistic story will carry more impact than his somewhat hopeful moral. This is a country where public figures are being forced into the categories of the rigid and the dead.

—ROBB BURLAGE

The Prophet, Armed

VENCEREMOS! THE SPEECHES AND WRITINGS OF CHE GUEVARA. *By John Gerassi. New York: MacMillan. 442 pp. $7.95.*

LIKE PSYCHOANALYST of the Algerian revolution Frantz Fanon (*The Wretched of the Earth*) and American revolutionary Malcolm X, Che Guevara has made his peace with *yanqui* culture. CIA agent Felix Ramos and "the little Indians" of the U.S.-trained Bolivian Rangers got their man. Still, Che Lives—sprawled out in four colors across the paperback bookstand of your nearest Safeway, politically emasculated in Western Civilization 101 (four semester credits), and soon to be crucified by the Hollywood spectacle-mongers. Not even a communist revolution in Bolivia could save him from being a North American culture hero.

But Che Guevara, the flesh and blood revolutionary, was neither an anachronistic 19th century romantic nor a 20th century Galahad defending distressed Indians in the Sierra as he chased after the Holy Grail of revolution. Guevara was instead a serious and very modern communist: by means of the very computer and cost accounting techniques which have led capitalists and traditional communists to the grey inevitability of an "Advanced Industrial Society," Guevara struggled with the nuts and bolts of creating a playful, classless society.

It is this struggle, rather than the mushy humanism of the pop guerrilla, that former New York Times correspondent (and ex-San Francisco State College teacher) John Gerassi has brought out in *Venceremos!* Gerassi's choice of essays and speeches, many of them presented in English for the first time, does not exclude Guevara's artistic concern with individual will. Che's management of the Cuban economy, discussed in several of the more important essays, was simply a very human amendment to the laws of supply and demand. Without a much perfected will, the asthmatic Argentine would never have made it through two years of guerrilla warfare in Cuba, an experience he described in the book's longest essay. (A different, more wordy translation has been separately published as *Reminiscences of the Revolutionary War.*)

Contrary to his young New Left supporters and his older Old Left critics, Guevara is not preaching a Nietzschean struggle of will against history and technology. Throughout his essays and speeches he displays an acute consciousness of "the objective factors" of history. Guerrilla warfare in the countryside works only because most of the necessary conditions are already present, especially when South and Central America are seen as a single theater of operations. The oppressed peasants and urban poor share a single need: proof that armed struggle can be effective.

As a revolutionary, Guevara was first and foremost a realist. In his descriptions of warfare he pays the strictest attention to the details of seizing power, to the

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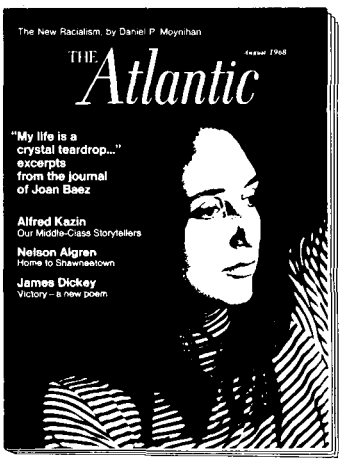
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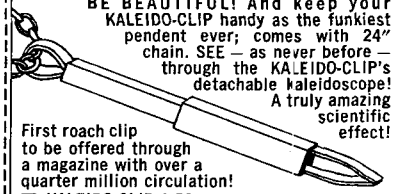

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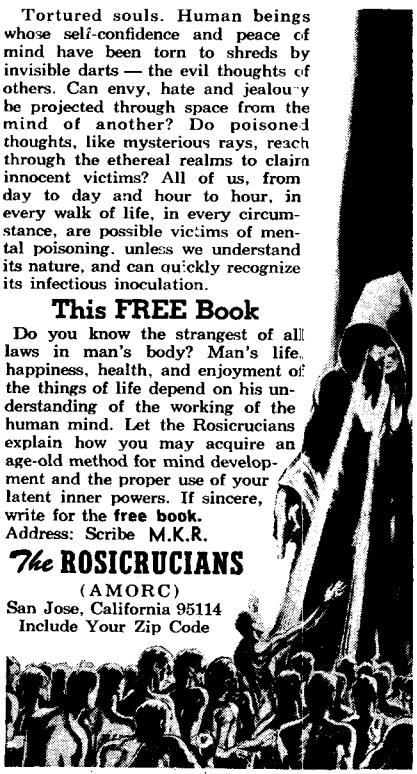

all-important relationship between the original guerrilla nucleus of intellectuals and the peasants who give substance to social theory and muscle to the incipient popular army. His choice of the countryside as a starting place is equally pragmatic; he fully recognizes the need to carry the struggle to the rest of the country once the base has been secured. His own death in Bolivia only underscores his emphasis on the difficulties of the early months of struggle, including the need for a thorough knowledge of the terrain. In death, as in life, he stayed clear of both the utopian and the idealistic. For Che, the utopians were those who still looked to Latin America's "democrats" and the Alliance for Progress; the idealists were those who spoke of peaceful coexistence and nonviolence "without analyzing the practical results of this peace" (poverty, degradation, increasing exploitation of enormous sectors of humanity).

SEEKING TO CREATE Socialist Man in Cuba, Che integrated ideological concerns with an understanding of possibilities, economic growth with ethical principle, expertise with going to the people. In his introduction to this volume, Gerassi quotes a U.S. Export-Import Bank official who had dealings with the Cuban leader: "Guevara knows and understands foreign exchange, balance of payments, etc., and in fact he understands finance and economics, and he knows exactly where the hell he is going. . . . It was just like talking to another banker, except that the son of a bitch is an orthodox Marxist."

But even the bitchiness, the Marxist orthodoxy, hung very close to experience. A "socialist" economy based primarily on wage differences—"from each according to his capacity, to each according to his work"—would become an end in itself, Che warned. At the same time he saw that in Cuba, with its capitalist traditions and material scarcities, "interest in material gain is the great lever that moves the workers individually and collectively."

Faced with this conflict, other revolutionaries have opted either to increase production, whatever the damage done to socialist consciousness, or to bureaucratically impose a morality of sacrifice. Guevara's solution, carefully developed in *Venceremos!*, was to maintain some material incentives, while building the new ethic into the very structure of the new Communist Party. How well this assault on "human nature" succeeded still remains a question. But by the end of his writings (and of his life), Che himself was convinced that, in Cuba, work was becoming "meaningful play.

Unfortunately, the communist Guevara of *Venceremos!* will have at least one additional difficulty in overcoming the Guevara of song and fable. As editor Gerassi admits, many of the essays make hard reading. Lectures on farm mechanization somehow don't convey the excitement and fear of peasants coming face to face with new machinery and new opportunities. Treatises such as "On Production Costs" or "On the Budgetary System of Financing" are poor vehicles for discussing revolution. And Guevara's often heavy language doesn't help. But the intellectual struggle to grasp these parts of *Venceremos!* is worth the effort, especially in a tired culture which has to depend on imports to turn on its young. And even the most turgid passages have an inescapable eloquence, for embodied in Che's writings is his belief that "the best way of telling is doing." —STEVE WEISSMAN

CORRESPONDENCE

[WHITEWASHING TWAIN]

SIRS: Maxwell Geismar's article on Twain's more radical writings ["Mark Twain on Racism, Imperialism et al.," RAMPARTS, May 1968] was an intelligent and reasonable survey of a side of his work that is often an embarrassment to the "nostalgia" critics, but it was, alas, also something of a whitewash. For all Twain's talk about the horrors of imperialism and his criticism of American adventurism in the Philippine campaign, when it came down to real commitments, Twain was often conspicuously absent. The most notorious example is the Gorky incident. When word got around that Maxim Gorky had come to New York with a woman who was not his wife, Twain did an uncreditable imitation of Chicken Little, asking such faultless arbiters of taste as William Dean Howells and Stanford White (!) what he should do, and ended by cutting Gorky cold.

While I agree with Mr. Geismar that Twain's radical works are surprisingly good, I must say that the most striking

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thing about them is the extraordinary consistency with which Twain manages never to transcend middle-class values; or, when he does attempt something his neighbors might not appreciate, the air he takes is of a small boy self-consciously blaspheming and hesitantly waiting for the thunder and lightning. To give just one example from the works discussed by Mr. Geismar, in "To the Person Sitting in Darkness," Twain, with incredible naivete, accepts the hypothesis that the motives for the American expedition to Cuba were absolutely pure, and that only the later stages of the Philippine adventure were imperialistic. It amazes me that he had so little notion of economic hegemony, and that his complaint was about the *form* of American brutality, not the immorality of it.

In short, while I would like to consider Twain a true radical, the exigencies of teaching him to undergraduates who really are radical make it impossible. At best we can only commend him in relation to his time and his own very real limitations.

HERBERT F. SMITH
Department of English
University of Wisconsin
Madison, Wisconsin

[SUPER FORMAT]

SIRS: The expanded format is superb. Your area of coverage now makes RAMPARTS required reading for all who must be informed.

REY BARRY
The Daily Progress
Charlottesville, Virginia

[WM. BUCKLEY & RED DANNY]

SIRS: I am depressed and saddened by the authoritarian ideas of Daniel Cohn-Bendit ["An Interview with 'Danny the Red,'" RAMPARTS, July 13, 1968]. He warns the professor: "If you don't teach the way we the students tell you to teach, then we shall close down your class." And of course Herr Cohn-Bendit believes that those who expound erroneous, "pro-American" ideas must not be permitted to infect the students with subversive thoughts.

I have long been repelled by William Buckley's YAF "students" who comprise the majority of his enthusiastic television audience, and who lovingly whoop it up for Bill every time he makes a snide remark to his victim of the evening. But damn it! Doesn't *anyone* see the resemblance between the shaggy haired "Danny the Red" and the excessively clean-cut YAFers who yearn to disinfect the University of California campus from "socialistic" professors and/or speakers?

IRV L. JACOBS
National City, California

["WE NEVER KNEW"]

SIRS: Your article "The Americanization of Herr Springer" [RAMPARTS, June 15, 1968] cannot remain unanswered. True enough, the Berlin Institute for the Advancement of Mass Communications in Developing Countries has received financial support from the Hobby Foundation, but this is no discovery of yours. Far from keeping the fact a secret, the Institute has clearly stated it on its prospectuses.

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HANS WALLENBERG
Executive Secretary
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of Mass Communications
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Berlin, Germany

[CHE'S SAGA]

SIRS: May I warmly congratulate you for having secured the rights to Che Guevara's diary—which surely must be one of the most inspiring sagas ever written by modern man.

ANNA C. RUSLING
Palm Beach, Florida

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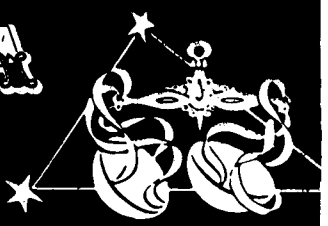

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